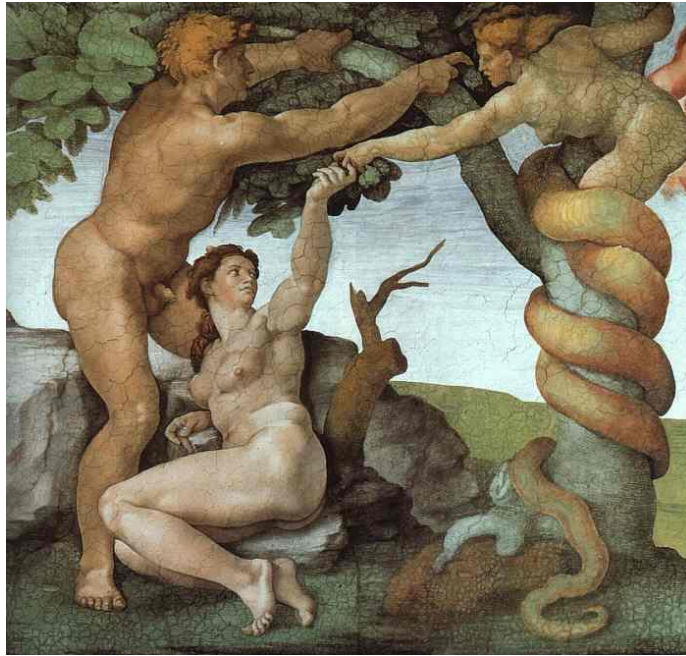


FEBRUARY 2017 PD NON-FICTION



THAT OLE DEVIL CALLED LOVE

HUSBAND AND WIFE LAW
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HUSBAND AND WIFE, LAW RELATING TO.

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The present article will deal only with the effect of marriage on the legal position of the spouses. The person chiefly affected is the wife, who probably in all political systems becomes subject, in consequence of marriage, to some kind of disability. The most favourable system scarcely leaves her as free as an unmarried woman; and the most unfavourable subjects her absolutely to the authority of her husband. In modern times the effect of marriage on property is perhaps the most important of its consequences, and on this point the laws of different states show wide diversity of principles.

The history of Roman law exhibits a transition from an extreme theory to its opposite. The position of the wife in the earliest Roman household was regulated by the law of *_Manus_*. She fell under the "hand" of her husband,--became one of his family, along with his sons and daughters, natural or adopted, and his slaves. The dominion which, so far as the children was concerned, was known as the *_patria potestas_*, was, with reference to the wife, called the *_manus_*. The subject members of the family, whether wife or children, had, broadly speaking, no rights of their own. If this institution implied the complete subjection of the wife to the husband, it also implied a much closer bond of union between them than we find in the later Roman law. The wife on her husband's death succeeded, like the children, to freedom and a share of the inheritance. *_Manus_*, however, was not essential to a legal marriage; its restraints were irksome and unpopular, and in course of time it ceased to exist, leaving no equivalent protection of the stability of family life. The later Roman marriage left the spouses comparatively independent of each other. The distance between the two modes of marriage may be estimated by the fact that, while under the former the wife was one of the husband's immediate heirs, under the latter she was called to the inheritance only after his kith and kin had been exhausted, and only in preference to the treasury. It seems doubtful how far she had, during the continuance of marriage, a legal right to enforce alimony from her husband, although if he neglected her she had the unsatisfactory remedy of an easy divorce. The law, in fact, preferred to leave the parties to arrange their mutual rights and obligations by private contracts. Hence the importance of the law of settlements (*_Dotes_*). The *_Dos_* and the *_Donatio ante nuptias_* were settlements by or on behalf of the husband or wife, during the continuance of the marriage, and the law seems to have looked with some jealousy on gifts made by one to the other in any less formal way, as possibly tainted with undue influence. During the marriage the husband had the administration of the property.

The manus of the Roman law appears to be only one instance of an institution common to all primitive societies. On the continent of Europe after many centuries, during which local usages were brought under the influence of principles derived from the Roman law, a theory of marriage became established, the leading feature of which is the community of goods between husband and wife. Describing the principle as it prevails in France, Story (Conflict of Laws, § 130) says: "This community or nuptial partnership (in the absence of any special contract) generally extends to all the movable property of the husband and wife, and to the fruits, income and revenue thereof.... It extends also to all immovable property of the husband and wife acquired during the marriage, but not to such immovable property as either possessed at the time of the marriage, or which came to them afterwards by title of succession or by gift. The property thus acquired by this nuptial partnership is liable to the debts of the parties existing at the time of the marriage; to the debts contracted by the husband during the community, or by the wife during the community with the consent of the husband; and to debts contracted for the maintenance of the family.... The husband alone is entitled to administer the property of the community, and he may alien, sell or mortgage it without the concurrence of the wife." But he cannot dispose by will of more than his share of the common property, nor can he part with it gratuitously inter vivos. The community is dissolved by death (natural or civil), divorce, separation of body or separation of property. On separation of body or of property the wife is entitled to the full control of her movable property, but cannot alien her immovable property, without her husband's consent or legal authority. On the death of either party the property is divided in equal moieties between the survivor and the heirs of the deceased.

Law of England. --The English common law as usual followed its own course in dealing with this subject, and in no department were its rules more entirely insular and independent. The text writers all assumed two fundamental principles, which between them established a system of rights totally unlike that just described. Husband and wife were said to be one person in the eye of the law--unica persona, quia caro una et sanguis unus. Hence a man could not grant or give anything to his wife, because she was himself, and if there were any compacts between them before marriage they were dissolved by the union of persons. Hence, too, the old rule of law, now greatly modified, that husband and wife could not be allowed to give evidence against each other, in any trial, civil or criminal. The unity, however, was one-sided only; it was the wife who was merged in the husband, not the husband in the wife. And when the theory did not apply, the disabilities of "coverture" suspended the active exercise of the wife's legal faculties. The old technical phraseology described husband and wife as baron and feme; the rights of the husband were baronial rights. From one point of view the wife was

merged in the husband, from another she was as one of his vassals. A curious example is the immunity of the wife in certain cases from punishment for crime committed in the presence and on the presumed coercion of the husband. "So great a favourite," says Blackstone, "is the female sex of the laws of England."

The application of these principles with reference to the property of the wife, and her capacity to contract, may now be briefly traced.

The freehold property of the wife became vested in the husband and herself during the coverture, and he had the management and the profits. If the wife had been in actual possession at any time during the marriage of an estate of inheritance, and if there had been a child of the marriage capable of inheriting, then the husband became entitled on his wife's death to hold the estate for his own life as tenant by the curtesy of England (curialitas).^[1] Beyond this, however, the husband's rights did not extend, and the wife's heir at last succeeded to the inheritance. The wife could not part with her real estate without the concurrence of the husband; and even so she must be examined apart from her husband, to ascertain whether she freely and voluntarily consented to the deed.

With regard to personal property, it passed absolutely at common law to the husband. Specific things in the possession of the wife (choses in possession) became the property of the husband at once; things not in possession, but due and recoverable from others (choses in action), might be recovered by the husband. A chose in action not reduced into actual possession, when the marriage was dissolved by death, reverted to the wife if she was the survivor; if the husband survived he could obtain possession by taking out letters of administration. A chose in action was to be distinguished from a specific thing which, although the property of the wife, was for the time being in the hands of another. In the latter case the property was in the wife, and passed at once to the husband; in the former the wife had a mere jus in personam, which the husband might enforce if he chose, but which was still capable of reverting to the wife if the husband died without enforcing it.

The chattels real of the wife (i.e., personal property, dependent on, and partaking of, the nature of realty, such as leaseholds) passed to the husband, subject to the wife's right of survivorship, unless barred by the husband by some act done during his life. A disposition by will did not bar the wife's interest; but any disposition inter vivos by the husband was valid and effective.

The courts of equity, however, greatly modified the rules of the common law by the introduction of the wife's separate estate, i.e. property settled to the wife for her separate use, independently of her husband. The principle seems to have been originally admitted in a case of actual

separation, when a fund was given for the maintenance of the wife while living apart from her husband. And the conditions under which separate estate might be enjoyed had taken the Court of Chancery many generations to develop. No particular form of words was necessary to create a separate estate, and the intervention of trustees, though common, was not necessary. A clear intention to deprive the husband of his common law rights was sufficient to do so. In such a case a married woman was entitled to deal with her property as if she was unmarried, although the earlier decisions were in favour of requiring her binding engagements to be in writing or under seal. But it was afterwards held that any engagements, clearly made with reference to the separate estate, would bind that estate, exactly as if the woman had been a *_feme sole_*. Connected with the doctrine of separate use was the equitable contrivance of *_restraint on anticipation_* with which later legislation has not interfered, whereby property might be so settled to the separate use of a married woman that she could not, during coverture, alienate it or anticipate the income. No such restraint is recognized in the case of a man or of a *_feme sole_*, and it depends entirely on the separate estate; and the separate estate has its existence only during coverture, so that a woman to whom such an estate is given may dispose of it so long as she is unmarried, but becomes bound by the restraint as soon as she is married. In yet another way the court of Chancery interfered to protect the interests of married women. When a husband sought the aid of that court to get possession of his wife's *_chooses_* in action, he was required to make a provision for her and her children out of the fund sought to be recovered. This is called the wife's *_equity to a settlement_*, and is said to be based on the original maxim of Chancery jurisprudence, that "he who seeks equity must do equity." Two other property interests of minor importance are recognised. The wife's *_pin-money_* is a provision for the purchase of clothes and ornaments suitable to her husband's station, but it is not an absolute gift to the separate use of the wife; and a wife surviving her husband cannot claim for more than one year's arrears of pin-money. *_Paraphernalia_* are jewels and other ornaments given to the wife by her husband for the purpose of being worn by her, but not as her separate property. The husband may dispose of them by act *_inter vivos_* but not by will, unless the will confers other benefits on the wife, in which case she must elect between the will and the paraphernalia. She may also on the death of the husband claim paraphernalia, provided all creditors have been satisfied, her right being superior to that of any legatee.

The corresponding interest of the wife in the property of the husband is much more meagre and illusory. Besides a general right to maintenance at her husband's expense, she has at common law a right to dower (q.v.) in her husband's lands, and to a *_pars rationabilis_* (third) of his personal estate, if he dies intestate. The former, which originally was a solid provision for widows, has by the ingenuity of conveyancers, as well as by positive enactment, been reduced to very slender dimensions.

It may be destroyed by a mere declaration to that effect on the part of the husband, as well as by his conveyance of the land or by his will.

The common practice of regulating the rights of husband, wife and children by marriage settlements obviates the hardships of the common law--at least for the women of the wealthier classes. The legislature by the Married Women's Property Acts of 1870, 1874, 1882 (which repealed and consolidated the acts of 1870 and 1874), 1893 and 1907 introduced very considerable changes. The chief provisions of the Married Women's Property Act 1882, which enormously improved the position of women unprotected by marriage settlement, are, shortly, that a married woman is capable of acquiring, holding and disposing of by will or otherwise, any real and personal property, in the same manner as if she were a feme sole, without the intervention of any trustee. The property of a woman married after the beginning of the act, whether belonging to her at the time of marriage or acquired after marriage, is held by her as a feme sole. The same is the case with property acquired after the beginning of the act by a woman married before the act. After marriage a woman remains liable for antenuptial debts and liabilities, and as between her and her husband, in the absence of contract to the contrary, her separate property is deemed primarily liable. The husband is only liable to the extent of property acquired from or through his wife. The act also contained provisions as to stock, investment, insurance, evidence and other matters. The effect of the act was to render obsolete the law as to what created a separate use or a reduction into possession of choses in action, as to equity to a settlement, as to fraud on the husband's marital rights, and as to the inability of one of two married persons to give a gift to the other. Also, in the case of a gift to a husband and wife in terms which would make them joint tenants if unmarried, they no longer take as one person but as two. The act contained a special saving of existing and future settlements; a settlement being still necessary where it is desired to secure only the enjoyment of the income to the wife and to provide for children. The act by itself would enable the wife, without regard to family claims, instantly to part with the whole of any property which might come to her. Restraint on anticipation was preserved by the act, subject to the liability of such property for antenuptial debts, and to the power given by the Conveyancing Act 1881 to bind a married woman's interest notwithstanding a clause of restraint. The Married Women's Property Act of 1893 repealed two clauses in the act of 1882, the exact bearing of which had been a matter of controversy. It provided specifically that every contract thereafter entered into by a married woman, otherwise than as an agent, should be deemed to be a contract entered into by her with respect to and be binding upon her separate property, whether she was or was not in fact possessed of or entitled to any separate property at the time when she entered into such contract, that it should bind all separate property which she might at any time or thereafter be possessed of or entitled to, and that it should be enforceable by process of law

against all property which she might thereafter, while discover, be possessed of or entitled to. The act of 1907 enabled a married woman, without her husband, to dispose of or join in disposing of, real or personal property held by her solely or jointly as trustee or personal representative, in like manner as if she were a feme sole. It also provided that a settlement or agreement for settlement whether before or after marriage, respecting the property of the woman, should not be valid unless executed by her if she was of full age or confirmed by her after she attained full age. The Married Women's Property Act 1908 removed a curious anomaly by enacting that a married woman having separate property should be equally liable with single women and widows for the maintenance of parents who are in receipt of poor relief.

The British colonies generally have adopted the principles of the English acts of 1882 and 1893.

Law of Scotland. --The law of Scotland differs less from English law than the use of a very different terminology would lead us to suppose. The phrase communio bonorum has been employed to express the interest which the spouses have in the movable property of both, but its use has been severely censured as essentially inaccurate and misleading. It has been contended that there was no real community of goods, and no partnership or societas between the spouses. The wife's movable property, with certain exceptions, and subject to special agreements, became as absolutely the property of the husband as it did in English law. The notion of a communio was, however, favoured by the peculiar rights of the wife and children on the dissolution of the marriage. Previous to the Intestate Movable Succession (Scotland) Act 1855 the law stood as follows. The fund formed by the movable property of both spouses may be dealt with by the husband as he pleases during life; it is increased by his acquisitions and diminished by his debts. The respective shares contributed by husband and wife return on the dissolution of the marriage to them or their representatives if the marriage be dissolved within a year and a day, and without a living child. Otherwise the division is into two or three shares, according as children are existing or not at the dissolution of the marriage. On the death of the husband, his children take one-third (called legitim), the widow takes one-third (jus relictæ), and the remaining one-third (the dead part) goes according to his will or to his next of kin. If there be no children, the jus relictæ and the dead's part are each one-half. If the wife die before the husband, her representatives, whether children or not, are creditors for the value of her share. The statute above-mentioned, however, enacts that "where a wife shall predecease her husband, the next of kin, executors or other representatives of such wife, whether testate or intestate, shall have no right to any share of the goods in communion; nor shall any legacy or bequest or testamentary disposition thereof by such wife, affect or attach to the said goods or any portion thereof." It

also abolishes the rule by which the shares revert if the marriage does not subsist for a year and a day. Several later acts apply to Scotland some of the principles of the English Married Women's Property Acts. These are the Married Women's Property (Scotland) Act 1877, which protects the earnings, &c., of wives, and limits the husband's liability for antenuptial debts of the wife, the Married Women's Policies of Assurance (Scotland) Act 1880, which enables a woman to contract for a policy of assurance for her separate use, and the Married Women's Property (Scotland) Act 1881, which abolished the jus mariti.

A wife's heritable property does not pass to the husband on marriage, but he acquires a right to the administration and profits. His courtesy, as in English law, is also recognized. On the other hand, a widow has a terce or life-rent of a third part of the husband's heritable estate, unless she has accepted a conventional provision.

Continental Europe. --Since 1882 English legislation in the matter of married women's property has progressed from perhaps the most backward to the foremost place in Europe. By a curious contrast, the only two European countries where, in the absence of a settlement to the contrary, independence of the wife's property was recognized, were Russia and Italy. But there is now a marked tendency towards contractual emancipation. Sweden adopted a law on this subject in 1874, Denmark in 1880, Norway in 1888. Germany followed, the Civil Code which came into operation in 1900 (Art. 1367) providing that the wife's wages or earnings shall form part of her Vorbehaltsgut or separate property, which a previous article (1365) placed beyond the husband's control. As regards property accruing to the wife in Germany by succession, will or gift inter vivos, it is only separate property where the donor has deliberately stipulated exclusion of the husband's right.

In France it seemed as if the system of community of property was ingrained in the institutions of the country. But a law of 1907 has brought France into line with other countries. This law gives a married woman sole control over earnings from her personal work and savings therefrom. She can with such money acquire personalty or realty, over the former of which she has absolute control. But if she abuses her rights by squandering her money or administering her property badly or imprudently the husband may apply to the court to have her freedom restricted.

American Law. --In the United States, the revolt against the common law theory of husband and wife was carried farther than in England, and legislation early tended in the direction of absolute equality between the sexes. Each state has, however, taken its own way and

selected its own time for introducing modifications of the existing law, so that the legislation on this subject is now exceedingly complicated and difficult. James Schouler (_Law of Domestic Relations_) gives an account of the general result in the different states to which reference may be made. The peculiar system of Homestead Laws in many of the states (see HOMESTEAD and EXEMPTION LAWS) constitutes an inalienable provision for the wife and family of the householder.

FOOTNOTE:

[1] Curtesy or courtesy has been explained by legal writers as "arising _by favour_ of the law of England." The word has nothing to do with courtesy in the sense of complaisance.



WHAT IS A KISS?

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The kiss and its history*, by Kristoffer Nyrop

It may perhaps seem somewhat futile to begin with discussing what a kiss is: that every child of course knows. We are greeted with kisses directly we enter the world, and kisses follow us all our life long, as Hölty sings--

Giving kisses, snatching kisses,
Keeps the busy world employed.
W. F. H.

Nevertheless the question is not altogether superfluous. It seems to me even to offer certain points of interest, inasmuch as it is by no means so easy as people may imagine to define what a kiss is. If we turn to the poets we are often put off with the answer that a kiss is something that should be merely felt, and that people would do well to refrain from speculating as to what it actually is.

What says this glance? What meaning lurks in this
Squeezing of hands, embrace, and ling'ring kiss?

This only can your heart explain to you.
What have such matters with the brain to do?
W. F. H.

So, for instance, says Aarestrup; but he adds as a sort of explanation--

But when I see thee my fond kiss denying,
And straightway, nathless, mine embrace not spurning,
Then needs must I to tedious arts be turning,
And let crabb'd wisdom from my lips go flying.

Know then the voice alone interprets rightful
And with poetic fire from heart's depth welleteth,
And yet the sweetest of them all by no means!

Whereas the bosom, arms, and lips, and eye-sheens--
How shall I call it? for the total swelleth
Unto a language wordless as delightful.
W. F. H.

which has not brought us nearer to a solution of the question. Other poets give us an allegorical transcription, couched in vague poetical terms, which rather refer to the feelings of which the kiss may be an expression than attempt to define its physiology. Thus Paul Verlaine defines a kiss as "the fiery accompaniment on the keyboard of the teeth of the lovely songs which love sings in a burning heart."

Baiser! rose trémière au jardin des caresses!
Vif accompagnement sur le clavier des dents,
Des doux refrains qu'Amour chante en les cœurs ardents
Avec sa voix d'archange aux langueurs charmeresses!

This definition, which seems to me to be as original as it is beautiful and apt, deals, however, exclusively with the kiss of love; but kisses, as we all know, are capable of expressing many other emotions, and it enlightens us not one whit as to the external side of the nature of a kiss. Let us, therefore, leave the poets, and seek refuge with the philologists.

In the *Dictionary of the Danish Philological Society* (*Videnskabernes Selskabs Ordbog*) a kiss is defined as "a pressure of the mouth against a body." As every one at once perceives, this explanation is very unsatisfactory, for, from the above statements, we could hardly accept more than one, viz., the mouth. Now, of course, it is quite clear that one of the first requisites for a kiss is a mouth. "Einen Kuss an sich, ohne Mund, kann man nicht geben," say the Germans, and it is also remarkable that in Finnish, *antaa sunta*, "to kiss," means literally "to give mouth."

How does the mouth produce a kiss?

A kiss is produced by a kind of sucking movement of the muscles of the lips, accompanied by a weaker or louder sound. Thus, from a purely phonetic point of view, a kiss may be defined as an inspiratory bilabial sound, which English phoneticians call the lip-click, *_i.e._*, the sound made by smacking the lip. This movement of the muscles, however, is not of itself sufficient to produce a kiss, it being, as you know, employed by coachmen when they want to start their horses; but it becomes a kiss only when it is used as an expression of a certain feeling, and when the lips are pressed against, or simply come into contact with, a living creature or object.

The sound which follows a kiss has been carefully investigated by the Austrian *_savant_*, W. von Kempelen, in his remarkable book entitled *_The Mechanism of Human Speech_* (Wien, 1791). He divides kisses into three sorts, according to their sound. First he treats of kisses proper, which he characterises as a *_freundschaftlich hellklatschender Herzenskuss_* (an affectionate, clear-ringing kiss coming from the heart); next he defines the more discreet, or, from an acoustic point of view, weaker kiss; and, lastly, speaks contemptuously of a third kind of kiss, which is designated an *_ekelhafter Schmatz_* (a loathsome smack).

Many other writers have, although in a less scientific manner, sought to define and elucidate the sound that arises from a kiss. Johannes Jørgensen says very delicately in his *_Stemninger_* that “the splash of the waves against the pebbles of the beach is like the sound of long kisses.”

It is generally, however, an exclusively humorous or satirical aspect that is most conspicuous. In the *_Seducer's Diary_* (*_Forførerens dagbog_*) of Søren Kierkegaard, Johannes speaks of the engaged couples who used to assemble in numbers at his uncle's house: “Without interruption, the whole evenings through, one hears a sound as if a person was going round with a fly-flap: that is the lovers' kisses.” A still more drastic comparison is found in the German expression, “the kiss sounded just like when a cow drags her hind hoof out of a swamp.” This metaphor, which is used, you know, by Mark Twain, is as graphic as it is easy of comprehension; whereas, on the other hand, I am somewhat perplexed with regard to an old Danish expression that is to be found in the Ole Lade's Phrases (*_Fraser_*): “He kissed her so that it rang just as it does when one strikes the horns off felled cows.” Another old author speaks of kissing that sounds as if one was pulling the horn out of an owl.

The emotions expressed by this more or less noisy lip-sound are manifold and varying: burning love and affectionate friendship, exultant joy and

profound grief, etc., etc.; consequently there must be many different sorts of kisses.

The austere old Rabbis only recognised three kinds of kisses, viz.: those of greeting, farewell, and respect. The Romans had also three kinds, but their classification was essentially at variance with the Rabbis': they distinguished between *_oscula_* [2] friendly kisses, *_basia_*, kisses of love, and *_suavia_*, passionate kisses. The significance of these words is clearly expressed in the following lines:--

Basia coniugibus, sed et oscula dantur amicis,
Suavia lascivis miscantur grata labellis.

But the Romans' division is by no means exhaustive; kisses are and have been actually employed to express many other feelings than those above-mentioned.

That kisses in this book are arranged in five groups, viz., kisses of passion, love, peace, respect, and friendship, is chiefly due to practical considerations; for, to be precise, these artificially-formed groups are inadequate, and, besides, often overlap one another.

A modern French writer reckons no less than twenty sorts of kisses, but I find in German dictionaries over thirty different designations: *_Abschiedskuss_*, *_Brautkuss_*, *_Bruderkuss_*, *_Dankkuss_*, *_Doppelkuss_*, *_Ehrenkuss_*, *_Erwiderungskuss_*, *_Feuerkuss_*, *_Flammenkuss_*, *_Frauenkuss_*, *_Freundschaftskuss_*, *_Friedenskuss_*, *_Gegenkuss_*, *_Geisterkuss_*, *_Handkuss_*, *_Honigkuss_*, *_Inbrunstkuss_*, *_Judaskuss_*, *_Lehenskuss_*, *_Liebeskuss_*, *_Mädchenkuss_*, *_Minnekuss_*, *_Morgenkuss_*, *_Mutterkuss_*, *_Nebenkuss_*, *_Pantoffelkuss_*, *_Segenskuss_*, *_Söhnungskuss_*, *_Undschuldskuss_*, *_Vermählungskuss_*, *_Versöhnungskuss_*, *_Wechselkuss_*, *_Weihekuss_*, *_Zuckerkuss_*, etc., etc. In German the verb itself, "to kiss," is varied in many different ways, e.g., in Germany one may *_auküssen_*, *_aufküssen_*, *_ausküssen_*, *_beküssen_*, *_durchküssen_*, *_emporküssen_*, *_entküssen_*, *_erküssen_*, *_fortküssen_*, *_herküssen_*, *_nachküssen_*, *_verküssen_*, *_vorbeiküssen_*, *_wegküssen_*, *_widerküssen_*, *_zerküssen_*, *_zuküssen_*, and *_zurückküssen_*.

We must give the Germans the credit of being thorough, and in the highest degree methodical and exhaustive in their nomenclature, for can we conceive a more admirable word than, for instance, *_nachküssen_*, which is explained as "making up for kisses that have been omitted, or supplementing kisses"? However, on the other hand, it cannot be denied that they are at the same time awkward and tasteless in their expressions; a word such as *_ausküssen_*, which, for instance, is used in the refrain: *_Trink aus! Küß aus!_* seems to me to smack perilously of the ale-house.

We have now seen what a kiss is; but before proceeding to investigate the different kinds of kisses, their significance in the history of civilisation, and treatment in poetry, it still remains for us to reply to some of the ordinary queries regarding the nature and characteristics of the kiss.

In the first place we must investigate the kiss in its gustative aspect. I here confine myself to what Kierkegaard calls "the perfect kiss," _i.e._, the kiss between man and woman; kisses between men are, according to that authority, insipid.

Küssen, wo smekt dat? see de maid. Yes, its taste naturally depends entirely on the circumstances, and experience is here a teacher that sets every theory at naught; but a few leading features may, however, be indicated.

When Lars Iversen, in Schandorph's _Skovfogedbørnene_, has kissed Mette Splyd, he wipes his mouth and says, when he has got well outside the door, "That tasted like meat that has been kept too long." When the old minnesinger, King Wenceslaus of Bohemia, had kissed his sweetheart he sang: "Just as a rose that opens its calix when it drinks the sweet dew, she offered me her sugar-sweet red mouth."

Recht als ein rôse diu sich ûz ir klôsen lât,
Swenn si des süezen touwes gert,
Sus bôt si mir ir zuckersüezen ròten munt.

As we perceive from both these examples, there is a great distinction between kisses in their gustative aspect, but, for obvious reasons, I shall entirely exclude the variety represented by Mette Splyd.

The most frequently employed and, at the same time undoubtedly the most fitting epithet of a kiss, is that it is sweet. The shepherd in the French pastorals is fond of asking for a sweet kiss (_un doux baiser_), and poets innumerable, like Wenceslaus, have sung about the beloved's sugar mouth. During the Renaissance such expressions as her _bouche sucrine_ (sugary mouth) and _bouche pleine de sucre et d'ambregris_ (mouth full of sugar and ambergris) were often employed.

We find this further borne out by two Latin epigrams. One asks:--"What is sweeter than mead?" and the answer runs: "The dew of heaven. And what is sweeter than dew?--Honey from Hybla? What is sweeter than honey?--Nectar. Than nectar?--A kiss."

Quid mulso præstat? Ros cœli. Rore quid? Hyblæ Mel. Melle hoc?
Nectar. Nectare? Suaviolum.

The second epigram goes through a similar string of comparisons, and arrives at the same result: "What is better than sugar?--Honey-cake. Than honey-cake?--The flavour of honey-combs. Than this flavour?--Dewy kisses"--

Saccharo quid superat? Libum. Quid libo? Favorum Gustus. At hunc gustum? Basia roscidula.

Kisses are sweet as woman's gentle breath, which, according to a Roumanian folk-song, smells of "delicate young wine," or, as the French poets say, of "thousands of flowers."--

Laughing mouth, mouth to caress,
Kissing ere its lips you press;
Sweet for kissing, balmy breath
Like the perfume of fresh heath.
W. F. H.

A woman's breath, which intoxicates man, is, as it were, the ethereal expression of her whole being. In the description of the youthful Blancheflor we are told that her breath is so delicious and refreshing that he who experiences it knows not pain, and needs no food for a whole week.

De sa bouche ist si douce haleine,
Vivre en peut-on une semaine;
Qui au lundi le sentiroit
En la semaine mal n'avroit.

Moreover, as the flavour of a kiss depends on the woman's mouth, let us, therefore, investigate how a woman's mouth ought to be fashioned in order to fulfil its purpose from a philematological point of view. When the mediæval French poets describe a beautiful and desirable woman they say of her mouth that it must be "well-formed and sweet to kiss" (_bien faite et douce pour baiser_). The troubadours likewise in their love poems praise the mouth that is _ben feita ad obs de baisar_.

If more detailed explanations are wanted they can easily be given. The lips must, in the first place, be bewitchingly soft; next, they must be as red as coral:

Los labios de la su boca
Como un fino coral,

or else red as roses:

La bocca piccioletta e colorita,
Vermiglia come rosa di giardino,

Piagente ed amorosa per baciare.[3]

This last simile is one of the most frequently employed. The beloved one's mouth is likened to a rose; it has the scent and colour of a rose:

Hæc dulcis in amore
Est et plena decore,
Rosa rubet rubore,
Et lilium convallium
Tota vincit odore,

sang the wandering clerks in the Middle Ages, the jolly Goliards, and they extolled the youth who was lucky enough to kiss the mouth of such a woman:

Felix est qui osculis mellifluis
Ipsius potitur.

And, they went on to say, "on every maiden's lips the kiss sits like a rose which only longs to be plucked":

Sedit in ore
Rosa cum pudore.

The old German minnesingers use the expression *_Küssblümlein_* (kiss-floweret), and a bard of the Netherlands sings: "My beloved is my summer, my beloved is my joy, all the roses bloom every time she gives me a kiss":

Mijn liefken is mijn somer,
Min liefken is mijn lust,
En al de rosen bloejen
So dicmael si mi cust.

But all this is only poetry, merely feeble imageries which only give an entirely weak idea of the reality. How accurate is Thomas Moore when, in one of his poems, he declares that roses are not so warm as his beloved's mouth, nor can the dew approach it in sweetness.

Now if we turn to the other aspect of the case and see what women expect from a man's kiss, then the question becomes somewhat more difficult to treat, inasmuch as so exceedingly few women have treated of kisses in poetry--a fact which is also in itself quite natural. Runeberg, who himself has so often sung the praises of kissing without, however, being versed in their nature:

For my part I've ne'er understood

Of kisses what can be the good;
But I should die if kept away
From thy red lips one single day.

W. F. H.

asks his beloved:

Now, dearest maiden, answer me,
What joy can kisses bring to thee?

W. F. H.

But she fails to answer him:

I ask thee now, as I asked this,
And all thy answer's kiss on kiss.

W. F. H.

Besides, it seems very evident from the last line that the situation did not admit of the calmer and more sober observation which forms the necessary condition for a reliable answer to the question. I am, therefore, obliged to attempt to reply to the question myself; but I readily admit my deficiency in the essential qualification of being able to do so in a satisfactory manner. Moreover, the literary material at my disposal is exceedingly inadequate, and, for that reason, I cannot claim any universal application for my treatment of the subject.

In the first place it seems indisputable that a woman gives a decided preference to a man with a beard; at all events a heiduke sings in a Roumanian ballad: "I am still too young to marry; my beard has not yet sprouted. What married woman then will care about kissing me?"

Că simt voinic neinsorat;
Nici mustete nu m'a dat:
Cum simt bun de sărutat
La neveste cu bărbat?

To judge from the part the heidukes play in the ballad literature of the Roumanians and Serbs, they must be very experienced in everything that has to do with women and love, and their testimony must therefore be accepted as being sufficiently reliable. Besides, we find the same taste among women in Northern Europe. In Germany there is said to be nothing in a kiss without a beard: *Ein Kuss ohne Bart ist eine Vesper ohne Magnificat* (a kiss without a beard is like Vespers without the Magnificat); or, still more strongly, *Ein Kuss ohne Bart ist ein Ei ohne Salz* (a kiss without a beard is like an egg without salt). The young girls in Holland also incline to this point of view: *Een kussje zonder baard, een eitje zonder zout* (an egg without salt), and they have in the Frisian Islands some who share their taste: *An Klee sanner*

Biard as äs en Brei sanner Salt_ (porridge without salt). Lastly, the Jutland lassies also take the same view of the matter--in fact they are, if I may say so, even more refined in their requirements; a kiss is not only to sound, but it must have some flavour about it--it ought to be strong and luscious: _At kysse en karl uden skrå og skaeg er som at kysse en leret vaeg_ (kissing a fellow without a quid of tobacco and a beard is like kissing a clay wall), say those who express themselves in the most refined manner; but there are others who are not so particular in the choice of words, and these latter say straight out: _Å kys jen, dæ hveken røger eller skråer, de æ som mæ ku kys æ spæ kal i r._ (kissing one who neither smokes nor chews tobacco is like kissing a new-born calf on the rump). On the other hand, a person should not be too wet about the mouth--that they do not like; _e.g._, the scornful saying: "He is nice to kiss when one is thirsty," or, as the German girls say: _Einen Kuss mit Sauce bekommen_ (to get a kiss with sauce).

It apparently follows from this that women are not so simple in their tastes as men; a kiss by itself is not sufficient, it requires some condiment or other in addition--and, for the credit of women's taste, let it be said--this need not always be tobacco. In a French folk-song the lover tells us that he has smeared his mouth with fresh butter so that it may taste better:

J'avais toujou dans ma pochette
Du bon bieur' frais,
O qué je me gressais la goule,
Quand j' l'embrassais.

I have already mentioned in my preface how dangerous the mere reading about kisses may be; but, apart from literature, a kiss is something which has to be dealt with most cautiously. Now hear what Socrates said to Xenophon one day: "Kritobulus is the most foolhardy and rash fellow in the world; he is rasher than if he meant to dance on naked sword-points or fling himself into the fire; he has had the audacity to kiss a pretty face."--"But," asked Xenophon, "is that such a deed of daring? I am certainly no desperado, but still I think I would venture to expose myself to the same risk."--"Luckless wight," replied Socrates, "you are not thinking what would betide you. If you kissed a pretty face, would you not that very instant lose your freedom and become a slave? Would you not have to spend much money on harmful amusements, and would you not do much which you would despise, if your understanding were not clouded? Hercules forbid what dreadful effects a poor kiss can have! And dost thou marvel at it, Xenophon? You know, I take it, those tiny spiders which are not half the size of an obol, and yet they can, through merely touching a person's mouth, cause him the keenest pains; nay, even deprive him of his understanding. But, by Jupiter, anyhow this is quite another matter; for spiders poison the wound directly they inflict a sting. O, thou simple fellow, dost thou not know that lustful

kisses are poisoned, even if thou failest to perceive the poison? Dost thou not know that she to whom the name of beautiful is given is a wild beast far more dangerous than scorpions; for the latter only poison us by their touch, whereas beauty destroys us without actual contact with us, and even ejects from a long distance a venom so dangerous that people are deprived thereby of their wits. This is the reason why I advise you, O Xenophon, to run away as fast as you can the very instant you see a beautiful woman, and with regard to yourself, O Kritobulus, I deem you will act most prudently in spending a whole year abroad; for that is the least time necessary for curing thy wound.”[4]

It may perhaps be thought that Socrates’ fear of kissing is a trifle exaggerated, his idea possibly arising from a certain prejudice derived from Mistress Xantippe; anyhow, nowadays, we regard the matter from a far more sober point of view. We ought, nevertheless, to be well on our guard against the frivolous opinion expressed in so many modern sayings, that a kiss is a thing of no consequence whatever. The Italians bluntly assert “that a mouth is none the worse for having been kissed” (_bocca baciata non perde ventura_), and a French writer of the present day even goes so far as to compare a kiss with those usually-harmless bullets which are exchanged in modern duels. _Bah! deux baisers, qu’est que cela? On les échange comme des balles sans résultat, et l’honneur reste satisfait_ (Bah! two kisses. What of that? They are exchanged like bullets that miss the mark, and honour is satisfied).

This frivolous notion must not, however, be deemed peculiar to the Latin nations: it is to be met with even in the North. In Norway there is a song:

Jens Johannesen, the Goth so brave,
The maid on her chops a good buss gave.
He kissed her once, and once again,
But each time was she likewise fain,
But each time was she likewise fain.

W. F. H.

As you see, the last line of the verse is repeated as if for the purpose of duly impressing the moral of the song.

It is said in Als: _Et kys er et stow, den der it vil ha et, ka vask et ow_ (a kiss is like a grain of dust, which any one who would be rid of it can wash away). We read as far back as Peder Syv[5]: _Et kys kan afviskes_ (a kiss can be washed away), but he adds solemnly, and for our warning: “She who permits a kiss also permits more; and he who has access to kisses has also access to more.” Even the Germans say: _Kuss kann man zwar abwaschen, aber das Feuer im Herzen nich löschen_ (a kiss may indeed be washed away, but the fire in the heart cannot be quenched).

Thus hardly the shadow of a doubt ought to exist as to kisses being extraordinarily dangerous--or, in any case, capable of becoming so--far more dangerous, for instance, than dynamite or gun-cotton; in the first place, at any rate, inasmuch as people are not in the habit of walking about with such explosives in their pockets, whereas every one has kisses always at hand, or, more correctly speaking, in their mouths; secondly, we are rid of dynamite when once it has exploded, but, on the other hand, we can never actually be quit of a kiss--without at the same time returning it; for we take back the kisses we give, you know, and we give, too, those we take back--and, adds the proverb, "nobody is the loser." _Einen Kuss den man raubt giebt man wieder_ (One returns a stolen kiss), say the Germans; and the Spaniards have expressed the same thought in a neat little _copla_: "Dost thy mother chide thee for having given me a kiss? Then take back, dear girl, thy kiss, and bid her hold her tongue."

¿Porque un beso me has dado
Riñe tu madre?
Toma, niña, tu beso;
Dile que calle.

Marot has treated the same subject in his epigram _Le Baiser Volé_, or the Stolen Kiss.

About my daring now you grieve,
To snatch a kiss without ado,
Nor even saying, "By your leave."
Come, I will make my peace with you,
And now I want you to believe
I'm loth your soul again to grieve
By theft of kisses, since, alack,
My kiss has wrought such dole and teen;
Yet 'tis not lost; I'll give it back,
And that right blithely, too, I ween.
W. F. H.

There is a French anecdote of the present day about a student who took the liberty of kissing a young girl. She got very angry, however, and called him an insolent puppy, whereupon he retorted with irrefutable logic: _Pour Dieu! Mademoiselle ne vous fâchez pas, si ce baiser vous gêne, rendez-le-moi_ (For goodness' sake, don't be cross, young lady. If that kiss annoys you, give it back to me). It seems to have had a more amicable settlement in the case of a Danish couple who had resolved to break off their engagement: "It is best, I suppose, that we return each other's letters?" said he. "I think so too," replied she, "but shall we not at the same time give each other all our kisses back?" They did so, and thus agreed to renew their engagement.

This little story shows us that a kiss is something which cannot be so easily lost, and I hope, not least for the sake of my book, that we shall concur in the Italian proverb which says: _Bacio dato non e mai perduto_ (a kiss once given is never lost).



FEBRUARY OUTINGS.

from: Internet Archive's etext of *In Bird Land* by Leander S. Keyser

IF I were not afraid of the ridicule of the cynic, I should begin this February chronicle with an exclamation of delight ; but in these days, when so many of the so-called cultured class have taken for their motto, *jyH admirari*, one must try to repress one's enthusiasm, or be scoffed at, or at least patronized, as young and inexperienced. Yet it would be out of the question for the genuine rambler to keep the valve constantly upon his buoyant feelings. If he did so, he would be wholly out of tune with the jubilant mood of bird and bloom and wave around him.

Almost every day of February, 1891, was a gala-day for me, on account of the large number of birds in song at that time. The weather was not always pleasant, but the month came in blandly, bringing on its gentle winds many birds from their southern winter-quarters ; and as they had come, they made up their minds to stay. My notes begin with the eleventh of the month, and my narrative will begin with that date. In the evening I strolled out to my favorite swamp. On my arrival all was quiet ; but soon the song-sparrows, seeing that a human auditor had come, broke into a~ jingling chorus. Early in the season as it was, they seemed to be almost in perfect voice, only a little of the hesitancy and twitter of their fall songs being distinguishable ;

nor did they seem to care for the raw evening wind blowing across the meadows, or the gray clouds scurrying athwart the sky, but kept up their canticles until the dusk fell.

Two days later, while sauntering through a woodland, I had the greatest surprise of the winter. For several years I had been studying the tree-sparrows, hoping to hear them sing, but only two or three times had my anxious quest been rewarded with even a wisp of melody from their lyrical throats. On this day, however, I came upon a whole colony of them in full tune, giving a concert that would have thrilled the most prosaic soul with poetry and romance. It was the first time I had ever really seen these birds while singing; but now, so kind was fortune, I could watch the movement of their mandibles, the swelling of their throats, and the heaving of their bosoms while they trilled their roundelays. My notes, taken on the spot, run as follows :

" The song is somewhat crude and labored in technique ; but the tones are very sweet indeed, not soft and low, as one author says, but quite loud and clear, so that they might be heard at some distance. The minstrelsy is more like that of the fox-sparrow than of any other sparrow, though the tones are finer and not so full and resonant. Quite often the song opens with one or two long syllables, and ends with a merry little trill having a delightfully human intonation. There is, indeed, something innocent and even childlike about the voices of these sparrows. Had they the song-sparrow's skill in execution, they would rival that triller's vocal performances. How many of them are taking part in the concert ! They seem to be holding a song carnival to-day, and there is real witchery in their music. Frequently their songs are superimposed, as it were, upon the semi-musical chattering in which these birds so often indulge."

But, strange to say, although the conditions were apparently in every respect favorable, I did not hear the song of a single tree-sparrow after that epochal day for more than a year. Evidently these birds are- erratic songsters, at least in this latitude. On the same day the meadow-larks flung their flute-like songs athwart the fields, and the bold bugle of the

Carolina wren echoed through the woods.

February 14. "In the swamp the song-sparrows are holding an opera festival," my notes run. "One of them trills softly in a clump of wild-rose bushes, as if asking permission to sing ; and then, his request being gladly granted, he leaps up boldly to a twig of a sapling, and breaks into a torrent of melody. Another, in precisely the same tune, answers him farther down the stream, the two executing a sort of fugue. A third leaps about on the dry grass that fringes a ditch, twitters merrily for a while, then flies to a small oak-tree near by, and — well, such a loud, rollicking, tempestuous song I have never before heard from a song-sparrow's throat. Some of his tones are full and exultant, while others in the same run are low and tender, like the strains of a love-lorn harp. The tones produced by exhalation can be distinguished from those produced by inhalation. Sometimes his voice sounds a little hoarse, as if he had strained one of the strings of his lyre, but I find, on focusing my ear upon them, that these are some of his most melodious notes. Presently, in a fit of ecstasy, he hurls forth such a torrent of song, in allegro furioso that one almost fancies the naiads and water-witches of the marsh are crying out for admiration.

" Here is something worthy of note — when the song-sparrow begins a trill, he usually sings it over a number of times, and then, as if wearied with one tune, turns to another ; and yet with all his variations — and I know not how many he is capable of singing — there is always something distinctive about his minstrelsy that differentiates it from that of all other birds."

February 17. "Again in the swamp. It seems to me I have never before heard the song-sparrows sing so gleefully. Every concert goes ahead of its predecessor. Here is a sparrow hopping about on the green grass among the bushes like a brown mouse ; now he chirps sharply as if to attract my attention, and then bursts into a melody that almost makes me turn a somersault for very joy ; and now, having sung his intermittent trills for a few minutes, he begins to warble a sweet, continuous lay, with an andante movement, as if he could not stop.

" A little farther on, another songster, with a voice of excellent timbre, is descanting on a small oak sapling. Note, he runs over several trills, rising higher at every effort, until at last he strikes a note far up in the scale, holds it firmly a moment, and then drops to a lower note. Then he repeats the process, the summit of his ambition being attained whenever he reaches that high note, which is bewitchingly sweet. How clear and true his voice rings !

"Sometimes a silence falls upon the marsh ; not a note is to be heard for a minute or two; and then, as if by a preconcerted signal, a dozen sparrows throw the air into musical tumult, their combined rush of notes seeming almost like a salvo. Often, too, when I approach the marsh, no music is heard, but no sooner have I climbed the fence into the enclosure than the choral begins; so that I believe I am justified in saying that the 'song-sparrow appreciates a human auditor. This is not said by way of disparagement, — by no means ; for almost all musicians, whether human or avian, sing to be heard."

On the same day I saw a song-sparrow whose central tail-feather was pure white from quill to tip, and the bird remained in the marsh until the twenty-fourth of the month, his odd adornment visible from afar. I was also surprised to find two male che-winks in the bushes. A cardinal grossbeak was also seen, and a robin's song and the loud call of a flicker were heard.

My next outing occurred on the nineteenth, when the weather had turned colder, and snow was falling, mingled with sleet; yet several song-sparrows trilled softly in the marsh. On the twenty-third crow blackbirds were seen, and on the twenty-fourth a turtle-dove was cooing meditatively, and the song-sparrows were holding another opera festival. The last days of February became cold again, and March brought several severe storms ; but I think none of the hardy, adventurous birds named, retreated to a warmer clime, even if they did regret having left their winter quarters a little prematurely.



FEBRUARY & MARCH

from: Project Gutenberg's *Astronomy for Young Folks*, by Isabel Martin Lewis

Across the meridian, due south, between eight and nine o'clock in the evening in the early part of February, lies Orion, The Warrior, generally considered to be the finest constellation in the heavens. Orion is directly overhead at the equator, and so is seen to advantage from all parts of the world except the extreme northern and southern polar regions.

A group of three faint stars outlines the head of Orion. His right shoulder is marked by the deep-red, first-magnitude star Betelgeuze (meaning armpit), and his left shoulder by the bright white star Bellatrix, The Amazon. Orion stands facing Taurus, The Bull, and brandishes in his right hand a club, outlined by a number of faint stars extending from Betelgeuze toward the northeast. The top of the club lies near the tips of the horns of Taurus. In his left hand he holds up a lion's skin, which we can trace in another curving line of faint stars to the west and northwest of Bellatrix. The brilliant, blue-white, first-magnitude star Rigel lies in the left foot, and the second-magnitude star Saiph, a little to the east of Rigel, is in the right knee. Three evenly spaced stars lying in a straight line that is exactly three degrees in length form the Belt of Orion, and from the Belt hangs the Sword of Orion, outlined by three faint stars. The central star in the Sword appears somewhat blurred and is the multiple star Theta, in the midst of the great Orion nebula, the finest object of its kind in the heavens. Entangled in the meshes of this glowing nebula are a number of brilliant suns, appearing to us as faint stars because of their great distance. The star Theta, in the heart of the nebula, is seen with a powerful telescope to consist of six stars; that is, it is a sextuple star. Even with a small telescope, four of these stars can readily be seen, arranged in the form of a small trapezium. The lowest star in the Sword is a triple star, and the entire constellation abounds in double, triple, and multiple stars.

From the central portion of the nebula extend many branches and streamers of nebulous light, and it is known that the entire constellation of Orion is enwrapped in the folds of this nebulosity, which forms a glowing, whirling mass of fiery gases in rapid rotation. This constellation is remarkable for the fact that all of its brighter stars, with the exception of the deep-red Betelgeuze, form one enormous, connected group of stars. They are all more or less associated with the great nebula and its branches, and are all extremely hot, white or bluish-white stars, known as helium stars, because the gas helium is so conspicuous in their atmospheres. The Orion stars are the hottest and brightest of all the stars.

Blazing Rigel, Bellatrix, and Saiph, marking three corners of the great quadrilateral, of which Betelgeuze marks the fourth corner, are all brilliant helium stars. So are the three stars in the Belt and the fainter stars in the Sword and the great nebula.

It has been estimated that the great Orion group of stars is over six hundred light-years from the earth, or about forty million times more distant than the sun. For more than six centuries the rays of light that now enter our eyes from these stars have been traveling through space with the speed of lightning. So we see Orion not as it exists today, but as it was six centuries ago. The extent of the Orion group of stars is also inconceivably great. Even the central part of the great nebula, which appears to our unaided eyes only as a somewhat fuzzy star, would extend from here to the nearest star and beyond, while our entire solar system would be the merest speck in its midst.

Betelgeuze, the red star that marks the right shoulder of Orion, is, as we have said, not a member of the Orion group. It has been estimated that it is about two hundred light-years from the earth, or only about one-third as far away as the other stars of the constellation.

Betelgeuze very recently has attracted universal attention, and will probably be considered an object of historic interest in the future, because it is the first star to have its diameter measured with the new Michelson interferometer, which is now being used so successfully to measure the diameters of the largest stars. The truly sensational discovery has been made that Betelgeuze is a supergiant of the universe, with a diameter of about 275,000,000 miles. Our own sun, which is known as a "dwarf" star, has a diameter of 864,000 miles. That is, Betelgeuze would make about thirty million suns the size of our own. If placed at the center of the solar system, it would fill all of the space within the orbit of Mars; and the planets Mercury, Venus, and the Earth would lie far beneath its surface. Measurements

of the diameters of other giant stars which are now being made with the interferometer give results quite as startling as have been obtained in the case of Betelgeuze; and it has been found that several of these stars may even exceed Betelgeuze in size. Such a star is Antares, the fiery-red star in the heart of Scorpio, which is such a conspicuous object in the summer evening skies. All these huge stars are deep red in color, and some of them vary irregularly in brightness. Betelgeuze is one of the stars that changes in brightness in a peculiar manner from time to time. When shining with its greatest brilliancy it is a brighter object than the nearby star Aldebaran, in Taurus; but a few months or a year later it may lose so much of its light as to be decidedly inferior to Aldebaran. We may note for ourselves this remarkable change in the brightness of Betelgeuze by comparing the two stars from time to time.

Directly south of Orion lies the small constellation of Lepus, The Hare, which is made up of third-magnitude and fourth-magnitude stars. The four brighter stars are arranged in the form of a small, but distinct, quadrilateral, or four-sided figure, which may be easily seen in our latitudes. The small constellation of Columba, The Dove, which lies just south of Lepus, is so close to the horizon that it can not be seen to advantage in the mid-latitudes of the northern hemisphere. Neither Lepus nor Columba contain any object of unusual interest.

Due north of Orion, and lying in the zenith at this time, is Auriga, The Charioteer, represented, strange to say, with Capella, a goat, in his arms. The beautiful first-magnitude star Capella, golden-yellow in color, serves us in identifying the constellation. Close at hand are The Kids, represented by a group of three faint stars. Capella is one of the most brilliant stars of the northern hemisphere. It is almost exactly equal in brightness to Arcturus and Vega, stars conspicuous in the summer months, and it is a shade brighter than magnificent blue-white Rigel in Orion. Capella is about fifty light-years distant from the earth and is fully two hundred times more brilliant than our own sun. At the distance of Capella, the sun would appear to be considerably fainter than any one of the three stars in the nearby group of The Kids.

Capella is attended by a companion star so close to its brilliant ruler that it can not be seen as a separate star save with the aid of the most powerful telescopes. Its distance from Capella has been very accurately measured, however, by means of the interferometer, which is giving us the measurements of the diameters of the giant stars. It is known that this companion sun is closer to Capella than our planet earth is to the sun.

At no time of the year shall we find near the meridian so many

brilliant and beautiful stars as appear in the month of February at this time in the evening. In addition to Capella, which is one of the three most brilliant stars in the northern hemisphere of the heavens, we have, in Orion alone, two stars of the first magnitude, Betelgeuze and Rigel, and five stars of the second magnitude, Bellatrix and Saiph and the three stars in the Belt. In addition, we have not far distant in the western sky, fiery Aldebaran in Taurus, and close on the heel of Orion in the east, Sirius, the brightest star in the heavens, in the constellation of Canis Major, The Greater Dog, as well as the first-magnitude star Procyon in Canis Minor, The Lesser Dog. Of these two groups we shall have more to say under the constellations for March.

IV MARCH

To the southeast of Orion and almost due south at eight o'clock in the evening on the first of March lies the constellation of Canis Major, The Greater Dog, containing Sirius, the Dog-star, which far surpasses all other stars in the heavens in brilliancy.

Sirius lies almost in line with the three stars that form the Belt of Orion. We shall not have the slightest difficulty in recognizing it, owing to its surpassing brilliancy as well as to the fact that it follows so closely upon the heels of Orion.

Sirius is the Greek for "scorching" or "sparkling," and the ancients attributed the scorching heat of summer to the fact that Sirius then rose with the sun. The torrid days of midsummer they called the "dog-days" for this reason, and we have retained the expression to the present time. Since Sirius was always associated with the discomforts of the torrid season, it did not have an enviable reputation among the Greeks. We find in Pope's translation of the *Iliad* this reference to Sirius:

"Terrific glory! for his burning breath
Taints the red air with fever, plagues, and death."

In Egypt, however, many temples were dedicated to the worship of Sirius, for the reason that some five thousand years ago it rose with the sun at the time of the summer solstice, which marks the beginning of summer, and heralded the approaching inundation of the Nile, which was an occasion for great rejoicing among the Egyptians. It was, therefore, called the Nile Star and regarded by them with the greatest reverence.

Sirius is an intensely white hydrogen star; but owing to its great

brilliancy and to the fact that it does not attain a great height above the horizon in our latitudes, its rays are greatly refracted or broken up by the atmosphere, which is most dense near the horizon, and as a result, it twinkles or scintillates more noticeably than other stars and flashes the spectrum colors--chiefly red and green--like a true "diamond in the sky"--a magnificent object in the telescope.

Sirius is one of our nearest neighbors among the stars. Only two stars are known to be nearer to the solar system. Yet its light takes about eight and a half years to flash with lightning speed across the great intervening chasm. It is attended also by a very faint star that is so lost in the rays of its brilliant companion that it can only be found with the aid of a powerful telescope. The two stars are separated by a distance of 1,800,000,000 miles; that is they are about as far apart as Neptune and the sun. They swing slowly and majestically about a common center, called their center of gravity, in a period of about forty-nine years. So faint is the companion of Sirius that it is estimated that twenty thousand such stars would be needed to give forth as much light as Sirius. The two stars together, Sirius and its companion, give forth twenty-six times as much light as our own sun. They weigh only about three times as much, however. The companion of Sirius, in spite of its extreme faintness, weighs fully half as much as the brilliant star.

There are a number of bright stars in the constellation of Canis Major. A fairly bright star a little to the west of Sirius marks the uplifted paw of the dog, and to the southeast, in the tail and hind quarters, are several conspicuous stars of the second magnitude.

A little to the east and much farther to the north, we find Canis Minor, The Lesser Dog, containing the beautiful first-magnitude star Procyon, "Precursor of the Dog"--that is, of Sirius. Since Procyon is so much farther north than Sirius and very little to the east, we see its brilliant rays in the eastern sky some time before Sirius appears above the southeastern horizon, hence its name. Long after Sirius has disappeared from view beneath the western horizon in the late spring, Procyon may still be seen low in the western sky. Procyon, also is one of our nearer neighbors among the stars, being only about ten light-years distant from the solar system. Like Sirius, it is a double star with a much fainter companion, that by its attraction sways the motion of Procyon to such an extent that we should know of its existence, even if it were not visible, by the disturbances it produces in the motion of Procyon. The period of revolution of Procyon and its companion about a common center is about forty years, and the two stars combined weigh about a third more than our own sun and give forth six times as much light. Canis Minor contains only one other bright star, Beta, a short distance to

the northwest of Procyon. Originally, the name Procyon was given to the entire constellation, but it was later used only with reference to the one star. Procyon, Sirius, and Betelgeuze in Orion form a huge equal-sided triangle that lies across the meridian at this time and is a most conspicuous configuration in the evening sky.

Directly south of the zenith we find Gemini, The Twins, one of the zodiacal constellations. It is in Gemini that the sun is to be found at the beginning of summer. The two bright stars Castor and Pollux mark the heads of the twins, and the two stars in the opposite corners of the four-sided figure shown in the chart mark their feet.

Castor and Pollux, according to the legend, were the twin brothers of Helen of Troy who went on the Argonautic expedition. When a storm overtook the vessel on its return voyage, Orpheus invoked the aid of Apollo, who caused two stars to shine above the heads of the twins, and the storm immediately ceased. It was for this reason that Castor and Pollux became the special deities of seamen, and it was customary to place their effigies upon the prows of vessels. The "By Jimini!" of today is but a corruption of the "By Gemini!" heard so frequently among the sailors of the ancient world.

The astronomical name for Castor, the fainter star, is Alpha Geminorum, meaning Alpha of Gemini. As it was customary to call the brightest star in a constellation by the first letter in the Greek alphabet, it is believed that Castor has decreased considerably in brightness since the days of the ancients, for it is now decidedly inferior to Pollux in brightness, which is called Beta Geminorum. Of the two stars, Castor is the more interesting because it is a double star that is readily separated into two stars with the aid of a small telescope. The two principal stars are known to be, in turn, extremely close double stars revolving almost in contact in periods of a few days. Where we see but one star with the unaided eye, there is, then a system of four suns, the two close pairs revolving slowly about a common center of gravity in a period of several centuries and at a great distance apart.

The star Pollux, which we can easily distinguish by its superior brightness, is the more southerly of the twin stars and lies due north of Procyon and about as far from Procyon as Procyon is from Sirius.

The appearance of Gemini on the meridian in the early evening and of the huge triangle, with its corners marked by the brilliants, Procyon, Sirius, and Betelgeuze, due south, with "Great Orion sloping slowly to the west," is as truly a sign of approaching spring as the gradual lengthening of the days, the appearance of crocuses and daffodils, and the first robin. It is only a few weeks later--as

pictured by Tennyson in *_Maud_*--

"When the face of the night is fair on the dewy downs,
And the shining daffodil dies, and the Charioteer
And starry Gemini hang like glorious crowns
Over Orion's grave low down in the west."



GEORGE WASHINGTON

(1732-1799)

FROM: Project Gutenberg's *Great Men and Famous Women. Vol. 4 of 8*, by Various

George Washington was born at Bridge's Creek, in Westmoreland County, Va., on February 22, 1732. The first of the family who settled in Virginia came from Northampton, but their ancestors are believed to have been from Lancashire, while the ancient stock of the family is traced to the De Wessyngtons of Durham. George Washington's father, Augustine, who died, after a sudden illness, in 1743, was twice married. At his death he left two surviving sons by the first marriage, and by the second, four sons (of whom George was the eldest) and a daughter. The mother of George Washington survived to see her son President. Augustine Washington left all his children in a state of comparative independence; to his eldest son by the first marriage he left an estate (afterward called Mount Vernon) of twenty-five hundred acres and shares in iron works situated in Virginia and Maryland; to the second, an estate in Westmoreland. Confiding in the prudence of his widow, he directed that the proceeds of all the property of her children should be at her disposal till they should respectively come of age; to George were left the lands and mansion occupied by his father at his decease; to each of the other sons, an estate of six or seven hundred acres; a suitable provision was made for the daughter.

George Washington was indebted for all the education he received to one of the common schools of the province, in which little was taught beyond reading, writing, and accounts. He left it before he had completed his sixteenth year; the last two years of his attendance had been devoted to the study of geometry, trigonometry, and surveying. He had learned to use logarithms. It is doubtful whether he ever received any instruction in the grammar of his own language; and although, when the French

officers under Rochambeau were in America, he attempted to acquire their language, it appears to have been without success. From his thirteenth year he evinced a turn for mastering the forms of deeds, constructing diagrams, and preparing tabular statements. His juvenile manuscripts have been preserved; the handwriting is neat, but stiff. During the last summer he was at school, he surveyed the fields adjoining the school-house and the surrounding plantations, entering his measurements and calculations in a respectable field-book. He compiled about the same time, from various sources, "Rules of Behavior in Company and Conversation." Some selections in rhyme appear in his manuscripts, but the passages were evidently selected for the moral and religious sentiments they express, not from any taste for poetry. When a boy he was fond of forming his school-mates into companies, who paraded and fought mimic battles, in which he always commanded one of the parties. He cultivated with ardor all athletic exercises. His demeanor and conduct at school are said to have won the deference of the other boys, who were accustomed to make him the arbiter of their disputes.

From the time of his leaving school till the latter part of 1753, Washington was unconsciously preparing himself for the great duties he had afterward to discharge. An attempt made to have him entered in the Royal Navy, in 1746, was frustrated by the interposition of his mother. The winter of 1748-49 he passed at Mount Vernon, then the seat of his brother Lawrence, in the study of mathematics and the exercise of practical surveying. George was introduced about this time to the family of Lord Fairfax, his brother having married the daughter of William Fairfax, a member of the Colonial Council, and a distant relative of that nobleman. The immense tracts of wild lands belonging to Lord Fairfax, in the valley of the Alleghany Mountains, had never been surveyed; he had formed a favorable estimate of the talents of young Washington, and intrusted the task to him. His first essay was on some lands situated on the south branch of the Potomac, seventy miles above its junction with the main branch. Although performed in an almost impenetrable country, while winter yet lingered in the valleys, by a youth who had only a month before completed his sixteenth year, it gave so much satisfaction that he soon after received a commission as public surveyor, an appointment which gave authority to his surveys, and enabled him to enter them in the county offices.

The next three years were devoted without intermission, except in the winter months, to his profession. There were few surveyors in Virginia, and the demand for their services was consequently great, and their remuneration ample. Washington spent a considerable portion of these three years among the Alleghanies. The exposures and hardships of the wilderness could be endured only for a few weeks together, and he recruited his strength by surveying, at intervals, tracts and farms in the settled districts. Even at that early age his regular habits enabled him to acquire some property; and his probity and business talent

obtained for him the confidence of the leading men of the colony.

At the time he attained his nineteenth year the frontiers were threatened with Indian depredations and French encroachments. To meet this danger the province was divided into military districts, to each of which an adjutant-general with the rank of major was appointed. George Washington was commissioned to one of these districts, with a salary of £150 per annum. There were many provincial officers (his brother among the number) in Virginia, who had served in the expedition against Carthagen and in the West Indies. Under them he studied military exercises and tactics, entering with alacrity and zeal into the duties of his office. These pursuits were varied by a voyage to Barbadoes, and a residence of some months in that colony, in company with his brother Lawrence, who was sent there by his physicians to seek relief from a pulmonary complaint. Fragments of the journal kept by George Washington on this excursion have been preserved; they evince an interest in a wide range of subjects, and habits of minute observation. At sea the log-book was daily copied, and the application of his favorite mathematics to navigation studied; in the island, the soil, agricultural products, modes of culture, fruits, commerce, military force, fortifications, manners of the inhabitants, municipal regulations and government, all were noted in this journal. Lawrence Washington died in July, 1752, leaving a wife and infant daughter, and upon George, although the youngest executor, devolved the whole management of the property, in which he had a residuary interest. The affairs of the estate were extensive and complicated, and engrossed much of his time and thoughts for several months. His public duties were not, however, neglected. Soon after the arrival of Governor Dinwiddie the number of military divisions was reduced to four and the northern division allotted to Washington. It included several counties, which he had visited at stated intervals, to train and instruct the military officers, inspect the men, arms, and accoutrements, and establish a uniform system of manoeuvres and discipline.

In 1753 the French in Canada pushed troops across the lakes, and at the same time bodies of armed men ascended from New Orleans to form a junction with them, and establish themselves on the upper waters of the Ohio. Governor Dinwiddie resolved to send a commissioner to confer with the French officer in command, and inquire by what authority he occupied a territory claimed by the British. This charge required a man of discretion, accustomed to travel in the woods, and familiar with Indian manners. Washington was selected, notwithstanding his youth, as possessed of these requisites. He set out from Williamsburg on October 31, 1753, and returned on January 16, 1754. He discovered that a permanent settlement was contemplated by the French within the British territory, and notwithstanding the vigilance of the garrison, he contrived to bring back with him a plan of their fort on a branch of French Creek, fifteen miles south of Lake Erie, and an accurate

description of its form, size, construction, cannon, and barracks.

In March, 1754, the military establishment of the colony was increased to six companies. Colonel Fry, an Englishman of scientific acquirements and gentlemanly manners, was placed at the head of them, and Washington was appointed second in command. His first campaign was a trying but useful school to him. He was pushed forward, with three small companies, to occupy the outposts of the Ohio, in front of a superior French force, and unsupported by his commanding officer. Relying upon his own resources and the friendship of the Indians, Washington pushed boldly on. On May 27th he encountered and defeated a detachment of the French army under M. De Jumonville, who fell in the action. Soon after Colonel Fry died suddenly, and the chief command devolved upon Washington. Innis, the commander of the North Carolina troops, was, it is true, placed over his head, but the new commander never took the field. An ill-timed parsimony had occasioned disgust among the soldiers, but Washington remained unshaken. Anticipating that a strong detachment would be sent against him from Fort Duquesne as soon as Jumonville's defeat was known there, he intrenched himself on the Great Meadows. The advance of the French in force obliged him to retreat, but this operation he performed in a manner that elicited a vote of thanks from the House of Burgesses. In 1755 Colonel Washington acceded to the request of General Braddock to take part in the campaign as one of his military family, retaining his former rank. When privately consulted by Braddock, "I urged him," wrote Washington, "in the warmest terms I was able, to push forward, if he even did it with a small but chosen band, with such artillery and light stores as were necessary, leaving the heavy artillery and baggage to follow with the rear division by slow and easy marches." This advice prevailed. Washington was, however, attacked by a violent fever, in consequence of which he was only able to rejoin the army on the evening before the battle of the Monongahela. In that fatal affair he exposed himself with the most reckless bravery, and when the soldiers were finally put to rout, hastened to the rear division to order up horses and wagons for the wounded. The panic-stricken army dispersed on all sides, and Washington retired to Mount Vernon, which had now, by the death of his brother's daughter without issue, become his own property. His bravery was universally admitted, and it was known that latterly his prudent counsels had been disregarded.

In the autumn of the same year he was appointed to reorganize the provincial troops. He retained the command of them till the close of the campaign of 1758. The tardiness and irresolution of provincial assemblies and governors compelled him to act during much of this time upon the defensive; but to the necessity hence imposed upon him of projecting a chain of defensive forts for the Ohio frontier, he was indebted for that mastery of this kind of war, which afterward availed him so much. Till 1758 the Virginia troops remained on the footing of militia; and Washington having had ample opportunities to convince

himself of the utter worthlessness of a militia in time of war, in the beginning of that year prevailed upon the Government to organize them on the same footing as the royal forces. At the same time that Washington's experience was extending, his sentiments of allegiance were weakened by the reluctance with which the claims of the provincial officers were admitted, and the unreserved preference uniformly given to the officers of the regular army. At the close of 1758 he resigned his commission and retired into private life.

On January 6, 1759, he married Mrs. Martha Custis, a young widow with two children. "Mr. Custis," says Mr. Sparke, "had left large landed estates, and £45,000 sterling in money. One-third of this property she held in her own right; the other two-thirds being equally divided between her two children." Washington had a considerable fortune of his own at the time of his marriage, consisting of the estate at Mount Vernon, and large tracts of land which he had selected during his surveying expeditions and obtained grants of at different times. He now devoted himself to the management of this extensive property, and to the guardianship of Mrs. Washington's children, and till the commencement of 1763 was, in appearance at least, principally occupied with these private matters. He found time, however, for public civil duties. He had been elected a member of the House of Burgesses before he resigned his commission, and although there were commonly two, and sometimes three sessions in every year, he was punctual in his attendance from beginning to end of each. During the period of his service in the Legislature he frequently attended on such theatrical exhibitions as were then presented in America, and lived on terms of intimacy with the most eminent men of Virginia. At Mount Vernon he practised on a large scale the hospitality for which the Southern planters have ever been distinguished. His chief diversion in the country was the chase. He exported the produce of his estates to London, Liverpool, and Bristol, and imported everything required for his property, and domestic establishment. His industry was equal to his enterprise; his day-books, ledgers and letter-books were all kept by himself and he drew up his own contracts and deeds. In the House of Burgesses he seldom spoke, but nothing escaped his notice, and his opinion was eagerly sought and followed. He assumed trusts at the solicitation of friends, and was much in request as an arbitrator. He was, probably without being himself aware of it, establishing a wide and strong influence, which no person suspected till the time arrived for exercising it.

On March 4, 1773, Lord Dunmore prorogued the intractable House of Burgesses. Washington had been a close observer of every previous movement in his country, though it was not in his nature to play the agitator. He had expressed his disapprobation of the Stamp Act in unqualified terms. The non-importation agreement, drawn up by George Mason in 1769, was presented to the members of the dissolved House of Burgesses by Washington. In 1773 he supported the resolutions

instituting a committee of correspondence and recommending the legislatures of the other colonies to do the same. He represented Fairfax County in the Convention which met at Williamsburg, in August, 1774, and was appointed by it one of the six Virginian delegates to the first General Congress. On his return from Congress he was virtually placed in command of the Virginian Independent Companies. In the spring of 1775 he devised a plan for the more complete military organization of Virginia; and on June 15th of that year, he was elected commander-in-chief of the continental army by Congress.

The portion of Washington's life which we have hitherto been passing in review, may be considered as his probationary period--the time during which he was training himself for the great business of his life. His subsequent career naturally subdivides itself into two periods--that of his military command and that of his presidency. In the former we have Washington the soldier; in the latter, Washington the statesman. His avocations from 1748 to 1775 were as good a school as can well be conceived for acquiring the accomplishments of either character. His early intimacy and connection with the Fairfax family had taught him to look on society with the eyes of the class which takes a part in government. His familiarity with applied mathematics and his experience as a surveyor on the wild frontier lands, had made him master of that most important branch of knowledge for a commander--the topography of the country. His experience as a parade officer, as a partisan on the frontier, and as the commander of considerable bodies of disciplined troops, had taught him the principles both of the war of detail and the war of large masses. On the other hand, his punctual habits of business, his familiarity with the details both of agriculture and commerce, and the experience he had acquired as trustee, arbitrator, and member of the House of Burgesses, were so many preparatory studies for the duties of a statesman. He commenced his great task of first liberating and then governing a nation, with all the advantages of this varied experience, in his forty-third year, an age at which the physical vigor is undiminished, and the intellect fully ripe. He persevered in it, with a brief interval of repose, for upward of twenty years, with almost uniform success, and with an exemption from the faults of great leaders unparalleled in history.

Washington was elected commander-in-chief on June 15, 1775; he resigned his commission into the hands of the President of Congress on December 23, 1783. His intermediate record as a general, and as the steadfast and undismayed leader of an apparently hopeless struggle, we pass over here. It is the entire history of the American Revolution.

We must also pass briefly over the interval which separates the epoch of Washington the soldier from that of Washington the statesman--the few years which elapsed between the resignation of his command in 1783, and his election as first President of the United States, in February, 1789.

It was for him no period of idleness. In addition to a liberal increase of hospitality at Mount Vernon, and indefatigable attention to the management of his large estates, he actively promoted in his own State, plans of internal navigation, acts for encouraging education, and plans for the civilization of the Indians. He also acted as delegate from Virginia to the Convention which framed the first constitution of the United States. We now turn to contemplate him as president.

Washington left Mount Vernon for New York, which was then the seat of Congress, on April 16, 1789. His journey was a triumphal procession. He took the oath of office on April 30th, with religious services, processions, and other solemnities.

The new president's first step was to request elaborate reports from the Secretary of Foreign Affairs, the Secretary of War, and the Commissioners of the Treasury. The reports he read, and condensed with his own hand, particularly those of the Treasury board. The voluminous official correspondence in the public archives, from the time of the treaty of peace till the time he entered on the presidency, he read, abridged, and studied, with the view of fixing in his mind every important point that had been discussed, and the history of what had been done.

His arrangements for the transaction of business and the reception of visitors were characterized by the same spirit of order which had marked him when a boy and when at the head of the army. Every Tuesday, between the hours of three and four, he was prepared to receive such persons as chose to call. Every Friday afternoon the rooms were open in like manner for visits to Mrs. Washington. He accepted no invitations to dinner, but invited to his own table foreign ministers, officers of the government, and others, in such numbers as his domestic establishment could accommodate. The rest of the week-days were devoted to business appointments. No visits were received on Sunday, or promiscuous company admitted; he attended church regularly, and the rest of that day was his own.

The organization of the executive departments was decreed by act of Congress during the first session. They were the Departments of Foreign Affairs (afterward called the Department of State, and including both foreign and domestic affairs), of the Treasury, and of War. It devolved upon the president to select proper persons to fill the several offices. Jefferson was appointed Secretary of State; Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury; and Knox, Secretary of War. Randolph had the post of Attorney-General. Jay was made Chief-Justice. After making these appointments he undertook a tour through the Eastern States, and returned to be present at the opening of Congress, in January, 1790.

In his opening speech he recommended to the attention of the Legislature

a provision for the common defence; laws for naturalizing foreigners; a uniform system of currency, weights, and measures; the encouragement of agriculture, commerce, and manufactures; the promotion of science and literature; and an effective system for the support of the public credit. The last topic gave rise to protracted and vehement debates. At last Hamilton's plan for funding all the domestic debts was carried by a small majority in both Houses of Congress. The president suppressed his sentiments on the subject while it was under debate in Congress, but he approved the act for funding the public debt, and was from conviction a decided friend to the measure. It now became apparent to the most unreflecting that two great parties were in the process of formation, the one jealous of anything that might encroach upon democratic principles; the other distrustful of the power of institutions so simple as those of the United States to preserve tranquillity and the cohesion of the state. Jefferson was the head of the Democratic, Hamilton of what was afterward called the Federalist party. Washington endeavored to reconcile these ardent and incompatible spirits. His own views were more in accordance with those of Hamilton; but he knew Jefferson's value as a statesman, and he felt the importance of the president remaining independent of either party. The two secretaries, however, continued to diverge in their political course, and ultimately their differences settled into personal enmity.

The president's term of office was drawing to a close, and an anxious wish began to prevail that he should allow himself to be elected for a second term. Jefferson, Hamilton, and Randolph--who did not exactly coincide with either--all shared in this anxiety, and each wrote a long letter to Washington, assigning reasons for his allowing himself to be re-elected. He yielded; and on March 4, 1793, he took the oath of office in the senate chamber.

The first question that came before the cabinet after the re-election, rendered more decided the differences which already existed. The European parties, of which the court of England and the French republic were the representatives, were eager to draw the United States into the vortex of their struggle. The president and his cabinet were unanimous in their determination to preserve neutrality, but the aristocratic and democratic sections of the cabinet could not refrain from displaying their respective biases and their jealousy of each other. Foreign affairs were mingled with domestic politics, and the Democratic and Federalist parties became avowedly organized. Washington was for a time allowed to keep aloof from the contest--not for a long time. A circumstance insignificant in itself increased the bitterness of the contest out of doors. Democratic societies had been formed on the model of the Jacobin clubs of France. Washington regarded them with alarm, and the unmeasured expression of his sentiments on this head subjected him to a share in the attacks made upon the party accused of undue fondness for England and English institutions.

Advices from the American minister in London representing that the British cabinet was disposed to settle the differences between the two countries amicably, Washington nominated Mr. Jay to the Senate as Envoy-extraordinary to the court of Great Britain. The nomination, though strenuously opposed by the Democratic party, was confirmed in the Senate by a majority of two to one. The treaty negotiated by Jay was received at the seat of government in March, 1795, soon after the session of Congress closed. The president summoned the Senate to meet in June to ratify it. The treaty was ratified. Before the treaty was signed by the president it was surreptitiously published. It was vehemently condemned, and public meetings against it were held to intimidate the executive. The president, nevertheless, signed the treaty on August 18th. When Congress met in March, 1796, a resolution was carried by a large majority in the House of Representatives, requesting the president to lay before the house the instructions to Mr. Jay, the correspondence, and other documents relating to the negotiations. Washington declined to furnish the papers; a vehement debate ensued, but in the end the hostile majority yielded to the exigency of the case and united in passing laws for the fulfilment of the treaty.

The two houses of Congress met again in December. Washington had published on September 15th his farewell address to the United States. He now delivered his last speech to Congress, and took occasion to urge upon that body the gradual increase of the navy, a provision for the encouragement of agriculture and manufactures, the establishment of a national university, and of a military academy. Little was done during the session; public attention was engrossed by the presidential election. Adams, the Federalist candidate, had the highest number of votes; Jefferson, the Democratic candidate (who was consequently declared vice-president), the next. Washington's commanding character and isolation from party, had preserved this degree of strength to the holders of his own political views. He was present as a spectator at the installation of his successor, and immediately afterward returned to Mount Vernon.

He survived till December 14, 1799, but except when summoned in May, 1798, to take the command of the provincial army, on the prospect of a war with France, did not again engage in public business.

The character of Washington is one of simple and substantial greatness. His passions were vehement but concentrated, and thoroughly under control. An irresistible strength of will was combined with a singularly well-balanced mind, with much sagacity, much benevolence, much love of justice. Without possessing what may be called genius, Washington was endowed with a rare quickness of perception and soundness of judgment, and an eager desire of knowledge. His extremely methodical habits enabled him to find time for everything, and were linked with a talent

for organization. During the War of Independence he was the defensive force of America; wanting him, it would almost appear as if the democratic mass must have resolved itself into its elements. To place Washington as a warrior on a footing with the Cæsars, Napoleons, and Wellingtons, would be absurd. He lost more battles than he gained. But he kept an army together and kept up resistance to the enemy, under more adverse circumstances than any other general ever did. His services as a statesman were similar in kind. He upheld the organization of the American state during the first eight years of its existence, amid the storms of Jacobinical controversy, and gave it time to consolidate. No other American but himself could have done this, for of all the American leaders he was the only one whom men felt differed from themselves. The rest were soldiers or civilians, Federalists or Democrats; but he was Washington. The awe and reverence felt for him were blended with affection for his kindly qualities, and except for a brief period toward the close of his second presidential term, there has been but one sentiment entertained toward him throughout the Union--that of reverential love. His was one of those rare natures which greatness follows without their striving for it.

* * * * *

The following extract is from a letter written by him to his adopted daughter, Nellie Custis, on the subject of love:[4]

[Footnote 4: Copied by kind permission of the publishers, Messrs. Harper & Bros., from Benson Lossing's "Mary and Martha Washington."]

"Love is said to be an involuntary passion, and it is therefore contended that it cannot be resisted. This is true in part only, for like all things else, when nourished and supplied plentifully with aliment it is rapid in progress; but let these be withdrawn and it may be stifled in its birth or much stunted in its growth. For example: a woman (the same may be said of the other sex) all beautiful and accomplished, will, while her hand and heart are undisposed of, turn the heads and set the circle in which she moves on fire. Let her marry, and what is the consequence? The madness ceases and all is quiet again. Why? Not because there is any diminution in the charm of the lady, but because there is an end of hope. Hence it follows that love may, and therefore ought to be, under the guidance of reason, for although we cannot avoid first impressions, we may assuredly place them under guard; and my motives for treating on this subject are to show you, while you remain Eleanor Parke Custis, spinster, and retain the resolution to love with moderation, the propriety of adhering to the latter resolution, at least until you have secured your game, or the way by which it may be accomplished.

"When the fire is beginning to kindle, and your heart growing warm, propound these questions to it: Who is this invader? Have I a competent knowledge of him? Is he a man of good character; a man of sense? For, be assured, a sensible woman can never be happy with a fool. What has been his walk in life? Is he a gambler, a spendthrift, or drunkard? Is his fortune sufficient to maintain me in the manner I have been accustomed to live, and my sisters do live? and is he one to whom my friends can have no reasonable objection? If these interrogatories can be satisfactorily answered there will remain but one more to be asked; that, however, is an important one: Have I sufficient ground to conclude that his affections are engaged by me? Without this the heart of sensibility will struggle against a passion that is not reciprocated--delicacy, custom, or call it by what epithet you will, having precluded all advances on your part. The declaration, without the _most indirect_ invitation of yours, must proceed from the man, to render it permanent and valuable, and nothing short of good sense, and an easy, unaffected conduct can draw the line between prudery and coquetry. It would be no great departure from truth to say that it rarely happens otherwise than that a thorough-paced coquette dies in celibacy, as a punishment for her attempts to mislead others by encouraging looks, words, or actions, given for no other purpose than to draw men on to make overtures that they may be rejected.... Every blessing, among which a good husband when you want one, is bestowed on you by yours affectionately."



SAMUEL A. ANDRÉE, THE NORTH-POLE BALLOONIST.

BY WILFRID DE FOUVIELLE.

Project Gutenberg's *Harper's Round Table*, January 14, 1896

The year 1881 was a great date in North Pole exploration. The most influential civilized nations sent out a dozen scientific parties to study the peculiarities of those desolate regions as accurately as can be determined without paying a visit to the centre of that mysterious territory.

The Swedish explorers made their headquarters at Cape Thorsden, on the

southeastern island of the Spitzberg archipelago. This expedition, led by Mr. Elkhölm, a distinguished physicist attached to the celebrated Upsal University, achieved considerable success. The members returned home in good condition, after having wintered in an excellent observatory, collected a large number of important readings, and carrying back hundreds of photograms, minerals, and specimens of vegetable and animal life in that far northern land.

The youngest member of this party was Mr. Samuel A. Andrée, son of an apothecary in business near Stockholm, and a graduate of the Swedish Polytechnic School. At that moment Mr. Andrée had not completed his twenty-fifth year. He had been appointed a member of the scientific staff through the influence of the Baron Nordenskjöld, the greatest living Scandinavian polar explorer, and an intimate friend of the Swedish King. Mr. Andrée's special duty on this first expedition was to keep track of Sir William Thomson's (now Lord Kelvin) electrometers, and to report on other scientific peculiarities.

Mr. Andrée is a genuine offspring of the famous sea-kings. He is very tall, powerfully built, with a prominent forehead, blue eyes, and a forest of fair early hair, and is endowed with great muscular strength. As for his mental capacities, he is a talented writer and speaker, and can converse in German and English as fluently as in his native tongue, while he speaks French well enough to make himself easily understood by an audience. Mr. Andrée's practical education has not been neglected, and he knows how to use a hammer, a file, or a chisel as well as any trained workman. On account of his manual acquirements he was selected by the chief of the exploring party to keep the registering apparatus in order, a difficult and painful operation during the terrific cold of the dreary polar nights.

Before he had attained his thirtieth year Mr. Andrée received the appointment of chief engineer of the Swedish Patent-Office. It is probable that he would have devoted the whole of his life to the performance of these attractive official duties had he not felt, during his wintering in the northern regions, the irresistible spell of a more risky and enticing vocation. When he visited me in Paris last summer on his way to the International Geographical Congress, held in London, he confessed that it was in the presence of those grand and impressive scenes he had resolved to win for his native country the fame of having reached the North Pole first.

It was in 1889 that Mr. Andrée decided to make balloon ascensions. Receiving aid from a Swedish scientific fund and from the Stockholm Academy of Sciences, he had the *„Svea“* built in Paris, under the supervision of the Swedish Minister. (*„Svea“* is the poetic name for Sweden.) This balloon measured 30,000 cubic feet. Mr. Andrée's first ascension took place from Stockholm on July 15, 1893. He was quite alone

in the car, and this enabled him to reach an altitude of 11,000 feet, after having passed successively through two layers of clouds, accurately ascertained the direction of the wind prevailing at several levels, and studied other important scientific matters, which have proved valuable to students in all branches of science the world over. He published a graphic account of his first experiences in the *_Aftonbladet_*, one of the most influential papers in Sweden, to which he had previously been a popular contributor. In this account he described his sensations as soon as he had lost sight of land, and also when he perceived that he would be immersed in the sea unless he found a serviceable breeze that would carry him towards land. Fortunately the breeze came in time.

On October 19th of the same year Mr. Andrée made another ascension, in the course of which almost any inexperienced aeronaut would have been lost. As soon as he had passed through a layer of clouds, which up to that moment had entirely concealed the earth from view, he saw that he was passing at an immense distance from land over the very centre of the Baltic. With a calm hand he gently lowered his guide-rope, and observed that the friction on the water was greatly diminishing the velocity with which the wind was carrying the *Swea* away from the sea-ports, where he could reasonably expect to be rescued by casual ships. Then he tried to reduce the velocity even more by attaching two sacks of ballast to the end of his guide-rope. This simple combination, conceived under the pressure of a great danger, led him to a discovery. He found that he could make the balloon turn slightly to the right or left by using a sail when lowering the guide-rope, not only on sea, but on a vast expanse of land. Mr. Andrée tried this important experiment during an ascension made on July 14, 1894, at Gottenburg. The change of course that he obtained with a moderate-sized sail and a heavy guide-rope was estimated from ten to thirty degrees, not only as shown by his compass, but also according to the testimony of competent persons who had witnessed this extraordinary ascension, when, for the first time, a man had made a balloon sail on the wind.

An eventful ending was reserved for this ascension, during which the young Swedish engineer had so cleverly combined the force of the wind with the friction it generates, and utilized both for varying at will the direction of the balloon to the right or left from the air current. The sun was fast declining when Mr. Andrée conceived for the first time this great idea, which may prove so useful for reaching the North Pole. He soon observed a small island straight ahead in the direction he was then following, and at once threw out a sack of ballast. His guide-rope was freed from the waves in an instant, and the *Swea* darted forward at a rapid rate for the desired land. Ten minutes had not elapsed when Mr. Andrée saw, with a feeling of deep satisfaction and even rapture, the shore lying about a hundred yards directly under his feet. Then he threw his whole weight on his valve-rope, hundreds of cubic feet of gas

instantly escaped, the Swea struck land with a shock, and the car was overturned. Our aeronaut, to his great satisfaction, was thrown, at full length on the ground.

Being young in the art of balloon management, Mr. Andrée could not imagine how quickly events happen in aerial navigation. Before he could grasp a rope the Swea had vanished in the air, and he was left alone on the island, without any food or covering, exposed to the cold of those latitudes during a long and dismal October night. Naturally enough, he found in his pocket a box of matches, for the manufacture of these useful objects is a specialty in his native country. He gathered a few dry weeds and dead shrubs and lighted a fire. While warming his tired and hungry body he had plenty of time to meditate over the hardships of his unenviable position. The island, which seemed allotted to him by fate, was not two furlongs long and one wide, and had no water. It was one of the thousand rocky and barren islets composing the Finnish archipelago, and there was but slight possibility that any vessel sent from Sweden could discover his retreat in time to save him from the most terrible of fates, death from hunger and thirst.

As soon as the sun was up on the following morning Mr. Andrée ran to the crest of a little rocky eminence, and kept screaming at the top of his voice for more than an hour. Then he sat down exhausted and burst into tears. Finally his swollen eyes perceived a cloud of smoke upon the horizon. Surely it must be a steamer! No doubt the steamer was rapidly nearing the island! The unfortunate aeronaut wrecked from the skies was about to be rescued! In his joy he danced and resumed his screamings. For a while he was elated. He had some right to believe that he had been seen from the deck, as the ship was steering straight towards the island. But the vessel changed its course, and in spite of the balloonist's piercing cries, disappeared.

This unlucky departure would have driven many a resolute man to despair. For Mr. Andrée it was a lesson. He at once understood that it was impossible for any one on a vessel to see a human figure on this desolate island, and that he must contrive a more showy signal than his body, notwithstanding he was tall and strongly built. After having meditated for half an hour--an eternity under the circumstances--he made a sort of stout stick by tying together with weeds a lot of branches torn from the shrubs. At the end of this stick he attached his trousers, and waved them wildly over his head, after having mounted to the top of the hill.

This unnamed island where Mr. Andrée was left is situated a few miles from Brunskär, which has two houses. One of the two is owned by a tailor, who goes around once or twice a week in a boat to visit his customers, who are dispersed over the archipelago. Of course the tailor's eyes were attracted by the sight of a pair of trousers floating

in the air, and he rowed to the spot to see what such a signal meant. And this is how Mr. Andrée was restored to life, and thus enabled to pursue his grand idea of reaching the North Pole in a balloon.

Having given some idea of Mr. Andrée's career, and shown a few traits of his energetic character, I purpose, as soon as possible, to tell my young readers the story of the preparations he is now making for this great aerial voyage, which is attracting the interest of scientific people all over the world. Mr. Andrée will start on this perilous voyage some time this year, probably in July, if he can get all things ready by that time. His friend, Mr. Elkholt, will accompany him, and it is not impossible that the explorers may land somewhere in America, after having passed, perhaps, over the North Pole, or at least very near it.



ON VALENTINE'S DAY

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *A Thousand Ways to Please a Husband*, by Louise Bennett Weaver and Helen Cowles LeCron

"BOB, the flowers are lovely!" said Bettina, looking again at the brilliant tulips on the dinner table. "They make this a real valentine dinner, although there is nothing festive about it. I had intended to plan something special, but I went to a valentine luncheon at Mary's, and stayed so late----"

"A valentine luncheon? With red hearts everywhere, I suppose?"

"Yes, everything heart-shaped, and in red, too, as far as possible. Mary had twelve guests at one large round table. Of course, there were strings and strings of red hearts of various sizes decorating the table--not a very new idea, of course, but so effective. And everything tasted so good; cream of tomato soup, the best stuffed tenderloin with mushroom sauce (I must find out how that is made), and the best sweet

potato croquettes!"

"Sweet potato croquettes? That's a new one on me!"

"I'll have to try them some time soon. And Mary had peas in heart-shaped baking powder biscuits--the cunningest you ever saw!--heart-shaped date bread sandwiches with her salad, and heart-shaped ice cream with individual heart cakes."

"That was Valentine's day with a vengeance; wasn't it?"

"Yes, but it was lovely, Bob!"

That night Bettina served:

Broiled Steak	Baked Potatoes
Macaroni with Tomatoes and Green Peppers	
Bread	Butter
Cornstarch Fruit Pudding	
Cherry Sauce	
Coffee	

BETTINA'S RECIPES

(All measurements are level)

=Macaroni, Tomatoes and Green Peppers= (Three portions)

- 1/3 C-macaroni
- 3 C-water
- 1 t-salt
- 1 C-canned tomatoes
- 3 T-chopped green pepper
- 1/4 t-salt
- 1/4 t-celery salt
- 1/8 t-onion salt
- 3 T-cheese, cut fine
- 2/3 C-meat stock or milk
- 1/4 C-crums
- 1 T-butter

Boil the water, add the salt. Add the macaroni cut in small pieces. Boil until tender (about fifteen minutes) and drain. Butter a baking dish. Add a layer of macaroni, a layer of tomatoes and some green pepper. Sprinkle with salt, celery and onion salt. Add the cheese, and continue with the layers until the dish is full. If available, use meat stock, if

not, milk. Pour the liquid over the mixture. Melt the butter, add the crumbs and place on the top of the food. Place the dish in a moderate oven, and allow to bake twenty-five minutes, or until brown.

=Corn Starch Fruit Pudding= (Three portions)

1/2 C-water
1/2 C-cherry juice
3 T-corn starch
1/8 t-salt
3 T-sugar
1 egg-yolk
1 egg-white

Mix thoroughly the corn starch, sugar and salt. Gradually add the cold water and then the juice. Cook over hot water until the mixture becomes quite thick. Add the egg-yolk. Mix well, cool slightly and add the egg-white stiffly beaten. Pour into a well-moistened custard mould. Allow to stand for half an hour or more. Serve with cherry sauce.

=Cherry Sauce= (Three portions)

1/2 C-cherry juice
1/2 C-water
1 T-flour
1/2 t-lemon extract
1/8 t-salt
2 T-sugar
1/4 C-cherries, cut fine

Mix the flour, salt and sugar. Add slowly the cherry juice and water. Cook two minutes. Add the cherries and extract. Serve hot over the cold pudding.



SNOW-DAY FUN

From:

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Cassell's Book of In-door Amusements, Card Games, and Fireside Fun*, by Various

ORIGINAL SKETCHES.

Each person must be supplied with paper and pencil. At the top of the paper a small sketch is then drawn by every one, representing some historical incident, either from English or foreign history, or any other subject chosen. The proper way is for the subject to be announced as soon as the papers are delivered, but, if preferred, no restriction of any kind need be placed upon the artists; all may draw whatever they like. We need not remark that the latter method renders the guessing business a much more difficult affair. On the sketches being completed, each player passes his paper to his left hand neighbour, who, after closely examining it, writes down at the bottom of the paper what he imagines the drawing is meant to represent. The paper is then folded over so as to conceal the writing, and passed on again to the left, every player examining each sketch as it reaches him, and putting down what he thinks it is intended for; but on no account must any one look at what has already been written. As soon as the sketches have been scrutinised and pronounced upon by every player, they are collected, and the various opinions are read aloud.

THE OBJECT GAME.

The party first divides itself into two equal parts. One person from each side is chosen to go out of the room, and, after consulting together, they fix upon any object they like for the rest to guess. The company then seat themselves in two distinct circles, sufficiently apart to prevent the remarks made in one circle from being overheard by those in the other. The two representatives are now summoned, and requested to take their places, one in each group, when a race begins as to which group shall first find out what object of thought has been fixed upon. The rule is that the number of questions asked should be limited to twenty, though in many cases it is impossible to adhere to this restriction; while, on the other hand, the object is frequently guessed before the whole twenty questions have been asked. No restriction is placed upon the objects to be thought of--a drop of water, a ray of light, a crab's claw, a nail in the boot of some great man, or anything else may be chosen. The object of the game is, of course, to make the guessing as difficult as possible, so that the struggle as to who shall be the winners may be a hard one.

"WHAT IS MY THOUGHT LIKE?"

This is a pleasant fireside game that, without requiring any very great depth of thought, is made all the more interesting by the ready wit and natural ability of the players. Some particular thing is fixed upon by one of the company as a subject of thought. He then asks each one in turn what his thought is like. They say anything they choose; a

rainbow, a waterfall, a monkey, an umbrella, or whatever may occur to them. The leader then informs the company what his thought was, asking each one in turn to draw a resemblance between it and the object fixed upon as a comparison. It not unfrequently happens that the best reply is given by one whose task appears to be the most difficult, owing to the utter dissimilarity of the two objects compared; an ingenious player being able to detect some point of resemblance between two things so totally unlike each other as to be almost ridiculous.

As instances of really clever and apt answers, take the following--

"Why is love like a canal boat?"

"Because it's an internal transport."

"Why are lovers like apples?"

"Because they are often paired."

"Why is a Scottish dance like bitter beer?"

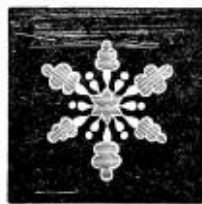
"Because there are so many hops in it."

"Why is the best coal like true love?"

"Because it always burns with a steady flame."

"Why is a thought like the sea?"

"Because it's a notion (an ocean)."



CAMPING ON MOUNT WILSON.

From: Project Gutenberg's *A Truthful Woman in Southern California*, by Kate Sanborn

"On every height there lies repose."

At Pasadena the mountain wall which guards the California of the South stands very near and looks down with pride upon the blooming garden below. The mountains which belong especially to Pasadena are but three

miles away. Their average height exceeds slightly that of the Mt. Washington range in New Hampshire. The Sierra Madre system, of which they form a part, contains some peaks considerably higher.

Farther to the East, "Old Baldy"--Mt. San Antonio--raises its snowy summit to a height just close enough to ten thousand feet to test the veracity of its admirers. It is about ten miles from Pasadena by the eyes, but would be twenty by the feet, if they could walk an air line.

To the south and east of "Old Baldy" is Mt. San Jacinto, 12,000 feet above the Pacific, upon which it looks, in the far distance.

The majestic mountain wall, almost bending over the homes of Pasadena, with their vines and fig trees, their roses and lilies, their orchards of orange and lemon, and the distant snow-clad peaks glittering in the gentle sunshine, combine to form a perfect picture. There are detailed descriptions from the pens of those who feel an unctuous joy in painting the lily, kalsomining the calla, and adding perfumes to the violet, the rose, and the orange.

The "Pasadena Alps" are so smeared with oleaginous gush that I had conceived against them a sort of antipathy, which was not diminished by their barren, treeless appearance.

As Nature reasserted herself, this artificial nausea wore away. I took a drive to Millard's Cañon, and was surprised at finding a charming wooded road winding up through the cañon along a mountain stream. From the end of the carriage-road we walked half a mile to a picturesque waterfall having a sheer descent of perhaps forty feet.

This revelation inspired a drive to Eaton's Cañon, where I found similar attractions, and which led me to the new Mt. Wilson trail, or "Toll Road." I made inquiries, inspected the small but substantial mules which do the pedestrian part of the trip, went up the trail a short distance, and, after many assurances, arranged to make the ascent.

In fact, this trail is remarkably well built. It winds up the mountain by a gradual and even ascent of nine miles, the grade nowhere exceeding ten per cent. There are two camps near the summit, open all the year. You may return the same day or stay for the remainder of your life.

Take little luggage, of course: a heavy overcoat or wrap, and a small grip. In the winter the nights are cold, and clouds and rain are not unlikely to present the compliments of the season.

The mountains of California are as topsy-turvy as its rivers. We used to learn in our physical geographies that as the traveller ascends a mountain the large trees continually give place to smaller--shrinking at

last to stunted shrubs, with a summit of barren rock.

As our mules plod up Mt. Wilson, the trail at first is sandy, and the mountain's flanks a barren waste, with thin covering of cactus and chaparral. Half a mile from the starting-point appear small bushes, which grow larger as we move upward. The trail turns into a cañon, and becomes a hard, cool pathway leading up through small live-oaks and high growth of bushes. We begin to see slender pines and larger oaks. Now the trail leaves the cañon and winds out upon the open mountain-side. Here the chaparral is green and flourishing.

We wind abruptly into a cañon. Bushes of wild lilac overhang the path. The manzanita reminds one of lilies of the valley transplanted to California and growing on a bush. Down to the torrent at the bottom of the cañon, and up its steep side, are large pines and live-oaks, mountain mahogany and cedar. Near the summit we wind along a precipice where the trail is blasted from the solid rock. Even here, any one who is disposed to "look aloft" will see pine trees hanging over his head hundreds of feet above.

The summit is a forest of towering trees. On the topmost ridges are the monarchs of the mountains--oaks three and four feet, and pines four and five feet in diameter. Of course this increase in the size of timber is noticeably uniform, only where the soil and natural features of the mountains favor it. But the summit of Mt. Wilson, at least, resembles a picnic ground raised nearly six thousand feet above the sea. The air is light, dry, and exhilarating. The ground is carpeted with pine needles. Delicate wild-flowers are seen in their season. In April I found wild peas in blossom, harebells, morning-glories, poppies, and many varieties of yellow flowers. I also saw hummingbirds, butterflies, swallows, and squirrels, and here and there patches of plain white old-fashioned snow. It is a novel spectacle to see a small boy snowballing a butterfly. In the spring even dead trees are glorified with a mantle of golden green moss. It covers the trunks of some of the living pines, making an artistic background for the deep green of their boughs.

From this upside-down mountain we look down upon rivers flowing bottom side up. And that is California.

As to the safety of the ascent, no one need hesitate who is free from settled prejudice against a side-hill. You will soon let the reins hang from the pommel of the saddle. One who chooses may jump off and walk for a change. Only, if you are at the end of the procession, be careful to keep between your mule and the foot of the mountain; otherwise he will wheel around and wend his way homeward. If toiling along near the summit, absorbed in the beauties of the prospect, it might be awkward to feel the halter jerked from your hand and to see the mule galloping around a sharp bend with your satchel, hung loosely over the pommel,

bobbing violently up and down, and perhaps hurled off into space as the intelligent animal rounds the corner.

Yes, it is safe, but there is a spice of excitement about it. I was nervous at first, and seeing that the mule wished to nibble such herbage as offered itself, I had thought it well to humor him. At a narrow space with sharp declivity below, the beast fixed his jaws upon a small tough bush on the upper bank. As he warmed up to the work, his hind feet worked around toward the edge of the chasm. The bush began to come out by the roots, which seemed to be without end. As the weight of the mule was thrown heavily backward, I looked forward with some apprehension to the time when the root should finally give way: I saw now that the mule had fixed his stubborn jaws upon the entrails of the mountain, and expected every instant to see other vital organs brought to light. I dared not and could not move. The root gave way, allowing the mule to fall backward, and startling him with a rattling down of stones and gravel. One foot slipped over the edge, but three stuck to the path, and the majority prevailed. After that I saw it was safer to let my faithful beast graze on the outer edge. All went well until he became absorbed in following downward the foliage of a bush which grew up from below. As he stretched his neck farther and farther down, I saw that he was bending his forelegs. His shoulders sank more and more. There was nothing between me and the sea-level except the mule's ears. By frantic exertions I worked myself backward, and was sliding down behind--too late. The bush broke, causing the mule to fall back forcibly against the inner bank, with myself sandwiched between the adamant wall of the mountain and the well-shod heels of the mule. The animal, being as much scared as myself, started up the trail at a gallop. I had saved my life but lost my mule. I have no taste for overtaking runaway mules on a steep and interminable up-grade. It is a taste which must be acquired. But then, of course, the mule would turn after his first alarm and tear down to the stable. I resolved to push on in the hope of finding a wider portion of the path, or at least of meeting the animal before he had acquired uncontrollable momentum.

At the very first turn a boy appeared hurrying back with my palfrey. The mule had galloped on until he overtook the rest of the party, who had sent him back in haste, while they followed on as quickly as possible.

It flashed upon my mind that the mule understands his business. We imagine, egotistically, that the mule is all the time thinking about us, and that he may take umbrage at some fancied slight and leap with us down the abyss. Now the mule does not care to make the descent in that way. He is thinking about himself just like the rest of us. We are only so much freight packed upon his back.

The foregoing narrative may be exaggerated in some details, but the essential facts remain, that the mule has a healthy appetite and that he

looks out for himself.

A little further on I had an opportunity to judge how a passenger would conduct himself if he should be thrown from the trail. At the point where the slope of the mountains is most abrupt, certain repairs had lately been made upon the trail, and a man was now prying large stones over the edge. They rolled and tumbled down, taking wild leaps into the air and plunging from rock to rock. After they disappeared in the woods we could hear them crashing and clattering down the cañon. A small avalanche of broken fragments followed in their wake.

It must have been a fine sight when the blasting was first done in the side of the rocky precipice: when huge masses of rock, half as big as a house, were rent from the side of the mountain and thundered down with frightful crash, cutting off huge trees and shaking the very mountains. And now I will say again that the trail is wide and safe; the slopes on the side are seldom very steep, and the mules could not be pushed over by any available power.

Some people, in fact, prefer the old trail because it is more wild and romantic and not so well kept. The new road has enough picturesque features to satisfy me.

I remember when the valley came in sight again, after half an hour's climbing, the first objects to catch my eye were the storage reservoirs, which dot the valley and are used in irrigation. Their regular shapes and the margins of masonry about them give them, from the mountains, the appearance of mirrors. One seemed almost directly below. Probably it was at least a hundred feet in length. In the form of a rectangle with rounded corners, it was the exact counterpart of a framed mirror. The surface was like polished glass, and trees upon the bank were reflected with beautiful distinctness.

After another half-hour's ride comes a glimpse in the other direction. Through a gap in the mountains we look for a moment behind the hills of Pasadena into the heart of the Sierra Madre. Vistas of mountain-sides are seen on either hand, one beyond the other, the long slope of one slightly overlapping that of its nearer neighbor, offering for our inspection a succession of blue tints, becoming more and more delicate in the distance till they melt into the sky.

The mules care less for visible azure than for edible verdure, and soon carried us by this picture. Far up the trail is a pretty scene upon our own mountain. Suddenly we came out of the cool, wild forest upon a little level spot, by the spring of the mountain stream. Here is an old camp with green grass growing up about the deserted building. After a final winding journey around the steep southerly side of the mountain, came the first full view of the wild chaos of broken ranges toward the

desert. Then follows a gradual shaded ascent to the camp. The world has varied panoramas of mountain scenery "set off" by the glitter of snowy peaks. In California there are many accessible summits rising from half-tropical valleys. Mountains which overlook the sea are without number. There may be in America other points from which one may look down upon a "city of homes," and a "business centre" with sixty thousand busy inhabitants. I do not know any spot apart from the mountains of Pasadena where you may put all of these in combination. From the northerly peak of Mt. Wilson to the southerly peak of Mt. Harvard is a distance by trail along the ridge of perhaps three miles, offering a variety of points of view. To the north and east you may look down into a gorge two thousand feet beneath, from which rises on the gentle breeze the mingled voice of brawling brook and murmuring pines. Beyond is a confusion of green mountains, from which a range of white summits rises in the calm distance. Toward the south are solitary peaks with halos of fleecy cloud.

As for the prospect in the other direction, it shows at once that the way to print upon the mind a map of California's physical formation is to see it _a la_ bird's-eye--as the short path to acquaintance with a great city is a vertical one--to the tower of the City Hall.

One would require but a few more well-selected stations to map out all of Southern California.

The several valleys of which Los Angeles is the commercial capital are stretched out before us like perfectly level plains, divided by ranges of hills. In the distance lies the glistening Pacific, with the blue outlines of Catalina and more distant islands etched upon the western sky. This picture is sometimes so distinct that you find yourself trying to recognize acquaintances on the streets of Pasadena. Again everything is dreamy with haze. Another morning you may stumble out trying to rub yesterday's sunburn from your eyes, and find everything below curtained by a bank of snowy fog. As for myself, I enjoy the prospect most when I cannot see it at all--that is, at night.

There is a varied interchange of signals between the mountains and the valley. At noon the people here talk with their Pasadena friends by gleaming flashlight. Then there are the reservoirs scattered over the valley. In certain lights they are not seen at all, but in line with the sun they send up great flash signals themselves, and just after sunset they are always seen reflecting the calm twilight. An hour after sunset our camp-fire is lighted. As we stand by it, the horizon seems to have retired for the night. There is continuous sky, shading without a break into the shadows below. Gazing dreamily down, I am startled by the flashing forth of a hundred brilliant stars from what was the valley below. They disappear for a moment and then blaze out and become a permanent constellation. These stars are too numerous to resemble any

known constellation. I concluded after a little that the mighty Orion had drawn his sword and slain the Great Bear; that the lion had rashly interfered and his carcass had been dragged to that of the bear, and that the exhausted Orion had thrown himself wearily upon them to rest. And there are the Pleiades close by; with feminine curiosity they have come as near as they dared, to see what it is all about.

Those wishing a scientific explanation of these phenomena must consult the Pasadena Electric Lighting Company, except as to the stray Pleiades, which seem to have some connection with the lights of the Raymond Hotel.

But what is that dim and curious meteor slowly moving toward the spot where Los Angeles used to be? Perhaps it is the headlight which heralds the coming of the belated overland train. Suddenly I see out of the darkness beyond Pasadena the blazing forth of a majestic cross, of wavering, uneven outline, but made up of crowded multitudes of sparkling, glittering, scintillating stars. Los Angeles has substantially the same system of street illumination as Pasadena.

You will note that I have abstained from hauling the sun above the eastern Sierras in the morning, and from tucking it under the Pacific at night. This rearrangement of ponderous constellations is all that my strength and my other engagements will permit. Those who want to know the glories of the sunset and moonlight must climb Mt. Wilson themselves.



THE VIRGIN RACE Et al, from

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Humour, Wit, & Satire of the Seventeenth Century*, by Various

THE VIRGIN RACE

Or, York-shires Glory.

Being an Account of a Race lately Run at
Temple-Newnham-Green; None being admitted to run, but such

as were supposed Virgins. The first that came to the two Miles-Race end, was to have a Silver Spoon, the second, a silver bodkin, the third a Silver Thimble, and the fourth Nothing at all.

Tune is, _a New Game at Cards_.

[Illustration]

You that do desire to hear, [60.]
Of a Virgin Race run in _York-Shire_,
Come and Listen, I'll declare,
Such News before, you never did hear;
For I think since the World begun
But seldom Virgins Races run.

Four Virgins that supposed were
A Race did run I now declare,
Sure such a Race was never seen,
As this at _Temple Newnham Green_.
In half-shirts & Drawers these Maids did run
But Bonny _Nan_ the Race has won

A Silver Spoon this _Nan_ obtain'd
The next a Silver Bodkin gain'd
The third that was not quite so nimble,
Was to have a Silver Thimble;
And she that was the last of all.
Nothing unto her share did fall.

In Drawers Red _Ann Clayton_ run,
And she it was the Race that won;
Pegg Hall as I may tell to you,
Did run in Drawers that were Blew;
Honest _Alice Hall_ that was the third,
Her Drawers were white upon my word.

A concourse great of People were
For to behold these Virgins there,
Who so well acted the Mans part,
And love a Man with all their heart;
But what means this, for well we know
Maids through the Nation all do so.

Now let us come to Bonny _Nan_,
Who won a Race once of a man,
In _Bassing Hall Street_ he did dwell

His name was _Luke_, 'tis known full well;
And let me now declare to you,
At something else she'l beat him too.

Let none the _York-shire_ Girls despise
Who are so Active now a days,
So brisk and nimble they do grow,
That few can match them, I do know:
Then let us stand up for _York shire_,
Those Country Girls I love most dear.

A _York shire_ Girl who can outvie,
No City Girls can them come nigh,
They've Rosey Blushes in their Cheeks,
While City Girls are Green as Leeks,
This with my fancy will agree
A _York shire_ Girl shall be for me.

Then here's a Health to a _York shire_ Girl,
For in my eye she is a Pearl
Whose Beauty doth so charm mine eye,
That for her I would freely dye.
Her virtues do her face adorn,
And makes her look fresh as the Morn.

Now to conclude unto my friend
These Lines I freely recommend;
Advising him above the rest,
To love a _Yorkshire_ Girl the best;
But let him use his skill for I
Will love a _Yorkshire_ Girl until I dye

FINIS

Printed for J Wright, J Clark, W Thackeray, and T. Passinger--

[61.] There were two good fellows of ancient society (who had not seen one another in a great space of tyme) that one morning very luckily met each other in _Budge Row_, and after some signes of gladnesse to meet so happily, they agreed upon a mornings draught, which lasted almost till noon, in which time they were both sufficiently liquor'd. But their bellies being fuller than their brains, they did resolve to bring up the rear of that morning's action with a Cup of Canary; away they went to the Swan Tavern at _Dowgate_, where for three hours longer they sat pecking at one another, like two Game Cocks at the end of a battaile, untill both their Eyes were in a very glimmering Condition. In the mean time, whilst they were thus toaping, there fell

an exceeding violent and continuing glut of Rain, so that it flowed up to the threshold of the Tavern door, and no passenger could get over: By this time my good fellows having call'd, and paid the reckoning, they both came reeling to the door, and seeing so broad a water tumbled down _Dowgate_, one of them swore it was the Thames, and began to call a Sculler; the other being unwilling to engage further, said he would take his leave, which he did with so low a bending Complement, that his britch touching a little too hard against the stump of a post which was behind him, that it made him rebound into the middle of the stream with his head forward. The unfortunate fellow was no sooner in, but he began to stretch forth his Armes and Leggs to swim; the other which stood upon the shore, cryed out lamentably for the danger of his friend, and deploring the loss of so good a fellow, and what loss his Wife and Children would suffer in his death. But in conclusion (as the last word of Comfort) he calls out to him in these words. Dost thou hear Friend! Friend! if thou canst but Gaine _Temple Staire's_ thou wilt be safe, I warrant thee, unto which the swimming man made reply. A pox of Gaine, I do not think of Gaine, if I can but save myself, I care not.

Quidam erat.

A preaching fryar there was, who thus began, [5.]
The Scripture saith there was a certaine man:
A certaine man? but I do read no where,
Of any certaine woman[F. 88] mention'd there:
A certaine man, a phrase in Scripture common,
But no place shewes there was a Certaine Woman:
And fit it is, that we should ground our faith
On nothing more than what the Scripture saith.

[Footnote 88: This is hardly warranted by fact. See Mark xii. 42; Luke xi. 27; Luke xxiv. 22.]

A fellow once said [12.]
He would ne're keep his Bed,
Though sick, I heard him to tell it,
And his Reason was,
Nay I know the Cause,
For he still had a mind to Sell it.

[26.] A great _German_ Prince, that was much addicted to Drinking, had drank so much one day, that the next he was very sick; then his Fool came in to him and askt him, why he was so melancholly? he told him his Sickness was occasion'd by drinking yesterday: Why then, says the

Fool, if that be all, I'll be your Physician; that is, if you are ill with drinking one day, take a Hare of the same Dog. Well, says the Prince, and what the second day? The Fool told him the same again: And what the third day? the same too. And what at the fourth? Why the same. We'll come to the purpose, says he, and what the fifth day? Why Faith, says he, then you'll be as arrant a Fool as I am.

Mercurius Matrimonialis

or

Chapmen for the Ladies lately Offered to Sale by Way of Auction.

(procured by one of their own Sex)

1. A Country Gentleman, who has a very delicate Seat [62.] between 20 and 30 Miles off _London_, and a very considerable Estate, a very Proper Comely Person, but not very Witty.
2. A Linnen Draper near the Stocks _Market_, a very handsome Genteel Man.
3. A Milliner on the _Royal Exchange_, much admired for his Handsomness and Gentility.
4. A Clergyman near _Exeter_, but now in Town, a pretty Black Man, a very good Scholar, proposes for a Joynture £200 per Ann. in Free-land.
5. A Bookseller near the _Exchange_ a very Sober Man, a Man of a Good Trade, besides some Estate.
6. A Linnen Drapers Son in _Cornhill_, a very pretty genteel Man, his Father a Man of a very good Estate.
7. A Goldsmith behind the _Exchange_ --so, so.--
8. A Miliner in _Cheapside_, near the end of _Bread Street_, very genteel but no conjurer.
9. For the Brewers Daughter, a Lace Man in _Pater Noster Row_, who loves the smell of Malt and good Ale, of good heighth and Stature, and Stomach answerable.

10. A Coffee Man, well lin'd with Broad Pieces of Gold, and has a good Trade, a Widdower, wants a Bar keeper.

11. A lusty, stout proportion'd Man, had a good Estate before the Fire,[F. 89] and is still fit for Woman's Service.

12. A Bookseller's Son in _Paul's Church yard_, an extream Genteel man, and of the same kidney as the Mercer in _Covent Garden_.

13. A Commission Officer, full of Courage, brim full of Honour, a well proportion'd Man, and very beautiful and yet wants Money.

14. An Apothecary near _Bread Street Hill_, a very genteel Man, a Widdower.

15. A Young Gentleman now learning to Dance, wants a Wife to guide him, his Estate £150 per Ann.

16. A Haberdasher's Son in _Cheapside_, makes a great Figure in the World, his Education good, only wants a Wife, or Place.

17. A diminutive Bookseller, very difficult in his Choice, £5000 proves a Temptation to him.

18. A Mercer upon _Ludgate Hill_, Kin to a good Estate, his Trade indifferent:

19. A young Merchant, whose Estate lyes on the _Carriby Islands_, if his Cargo misses the _French Fleet_, he makes a good Joynture.

20. An Ancient Gentleman now purchasing an Estate, wants a rich Wife to stand by him.

21. A Goldsmith near the _Royal Exchange_, a Widdower, of a very considerable Estate, besides a great Trade, will make a good Joynture, and perhaps keep a Coach, he's a very brisk Man.

[Footnote 89: Although this "squib" is not dated, this allusion makes it probable it was written in Charles II.'s time.]

One Climbing of a Tree, by hap, [51.]
Fell downe and brake his arme,

And did complaine unto a friend,
Of his unluckie harme.
Would I had counsel'd you before,
(quoth he to whom he spake)
I know a tricke for Climbers, that
They never hurt shall take.
Neighbour (sayd he) I have a Sonne,
And he doth use to climbe,
Pray let me know the same for him
Against another time?
Why thus, (quoth he) let any man
That lives, climbe nere so hie,
And make no more haste downe, than up,
No harme can come thereby.

[61.] A Gentleman who had constantly beene a good fellow, meeting with some of his friends at a mornings draught, told his Companions that, God forgive him, _he went to bed like a beast_ last night. Why? quoth they, were you so _drunk_? No, quoth he, _I was so sober_.



BELINDA AND THE VULGAR.

Project Gutenberg's *From the Easy Chair, series 2*, by George William Curtis

IT is perhaps because the Easy Chair sometimes discusses questions of behavior that it is occasionally asked to express an opinion upon more difficult social points. Thus it was lately requested to say whether it did not think that the great want of our society is a social standard. The inquiry was made by the lovely Belinda, who was charmingly dressed for a select party, and the Easy Chair was obliged to own that it did not at once comprehend the scope of the inquiry, and to seek an explanation. As Belinda proceeded to elucidate her meaning it seemed to be tolerably plain that she was contemplating some kind of rank, or visible and recognized distinction, which should separate "society" from what is not society, and it was impossible not to feel

that, however high the dividing line, and however small the circle which it enclosed, she was herself included within it.

The Easy Chair thereupon described to her a conversation which it held long ago with a distinguished man upon English social life and the advantages of an aristocracy. The distinguished man's views were very much like those which are set forth in Disraeli's "Sibyl" and "Coningsby," and which were known forty years ago as those of Young England. They proposed a national life blended of feudal romance and modern philanthropy. There was to be a gracious nobility of very blue blood which had been clarified in the veins of the Plantagenets, who were to live in stately castles in the midst of superb demesnes, and to be exceedingly good to their tenants and retainers, for whom there were to be May-poles, and fitches of bacon at Christmas, and greased poles to climb at appropriate times, and sacks to run races in, and who were to be visited at their neat little cottages, when they were ill, by the ladies from the castle, and who were to be industrious and obedient and humble and grateful, and, above all things, to know their place. The nobility were to own the land, and govern the country, and live in splendid idleness, and the happy peasantry were to do all the work, and bow respectfully when the nobility passed by, and go to bed when the curfew tolled, and to make no trouble.

This was the Young England programme, and the Arcadia of the Disraeli novel. And this also showed its familiar features in the talk of the distinguished man as he bewailed the social bareness of American life and descanted upon the charm of an ancient and well-ordered society. But when the Easy Chair mischievously asked him whether he did not think that he might tire of the greased pole, and the dance upon the lawn, and the gracious patronage, and the respectful gratitude, the amusing bewilderment of the distinguished man showed that in his admiration of the society that he described he assumed always that he was to belong to the class that lived in the stately castles and benignly condescended to the humble cottagers. His view, therefore, was very simple. It was merely that he should like to live in splendid idleness, steeped in luxury, and surrounded by respectful servants.

Belinda listened to this story, of which the Easy Chair made no application, with a slight blush; and to the polite inquiry, what kind of social standard she contemplated, she responded that she meant a certain fixed line which should exclude the vulgar. But she was immediately silent, as if reflecting upon a difficult proposition, and did not answer when she was asked what she thought would be the consequence of removing the vulgar from the circles which she considered most select.

Her benevolent attention invited further question, especially as at the same moment a lady entered the room who bore one of the most noted

family names in the country, and most familiar in fashionable annals, a family which delights to trace its lineage to a royal source. This proud dame had married her daughter as if by main force to a coroneted lord of hereditary acres. It was a familiar fact of the society in which she was a conspicuous figure, and it was impossible not to ask: "Can there be anything more coarsely vulgar than to sell a daughter for money and a title to a man for whom she does not care; and shall we begin to erect the social standard by expelling the vulgar offender?"

Belinda was still silent, and the brilliant rooms began to fill and murmur with a gay company. Among them came the loud and diamonded Mrs. Smasher, to whose unparalleled fêtes even Belinda would be almost willing to request a card. The Smasher lineage is not renowned or regal; the Smasher mind is imperfectly educated; the Smasher manners are those of the suddenly rich who are not also suddenly refined.

"Is any conceivable vulgarity greater than the Smasher vulgarity, O Belinda; and shall we continue these exercises by expelling also this essentially vulgar person?"

Belinda was still silent. She has remained silent even to this day.



NIAGARA FALLS

By Rupert Brooke

from Internet Archive's etext of *Modern Essays For Schools Selected By Christopher Morley*

The poet usually is the best reporter, for he is an observer not merely accurate but imaginative, self-trained to see subtle suggestions, relations and similarities. This magnificent bit of description was written by Rupert Brooke as one of the letters sent to the Westminster Gazette describing his trip in the United States and Canada in 1913. It is included in the volume *Letters from America* to which Henry James contributed so affectionate and desperately unintelligible a preface— one of the last things James wrote. Brooke's notes on America are well worth reading: they are full of delightful and lively comments, though sometimes much (oh, very much!) too condescending. The last paragraph in this essay is interesting in view of subsequent

history.

Brooke was born in 1887, son of a master at Rugby School; was at King's College, Cambridge; died of blood-poisoning in the Aegean, April 22, 1915.

Samuel Butler has a lot to answer for. But for him, a modern traveler could spend his time peacefully admiring the scenery instead of feeling himself bound to dog the simple and grotesque of the world for the sake of their too-human comments. It is his fault if a peasant's naivete has come to outweigh the beauty of rivers, and the remarks of clergymen are more than mountains. It is very restful to give up all effort at observing human nature and drawing social and political deductions from trifles, and to let oneself relapse into wide-mouthed worship of the wonders of nature. And this is very easy at Niagara. Niagara means nothing. It is not leading anywhere. It does not result from anything. It throws no light on the effects of Protection, nor on the Facility for Divorce in America, nor on Corruption in Public Life, nor on Canadian character, nor even on the Navy Bill. It is merely a great deal of water falling over some cliffs. But it is very remarkably that. The human race, apt as a child to destroy what it admires, has done its best to surround the Falls with every distraction, incongruity, and vulgarity. Hotels, powerhouses, bridges, trams, picture post-cards, sham legends, stalls, booths, rifle-galleries, and side-shows frame them about. And there are Touts. Niagara is the central home and breeding-place for all the touts of earth. There are touts insinuating, and touts raucous, greasy touts, brazen touts, and upper-class, refined, gentlemanly, take-you-by-the-arm touts; touts who intimidate and touts who wheedle; professionals, amateurs, and dilet-tanti, male and female; touts who would photograph you with your arm round a young lady against a faked background of the sublimest cataract, touts who ! would bully you into cars, char-a-bancs, elevators, or tunnels, or deceive you into a carriage and pair, touts who would sell you picture post-cards, moccasins, sham Indian beadwork, blankets, tee-pees, and crockery, and touts, finally, who have no apparent object in the world, but just purely, simply, merely, incessantly, indefatigably, and ineffugibly to tout. And in the midst of all this, overwhelming it all, are the Falls. He

who sees them instantly forgets humanity. They are not very high, but they are overpowering. They are divided by an island into two parts, the Canadian and the American.

Half a mile or so above the Falls, on either side, the water of the great stream begins to run more swiftly and in confusion. It descends with ever-growing speed. It begins chattering and leaping, breaking into a thousand ripples, throwing up joyful fingers of spray. Sometimes it is divided by islands and rocks, sometimes the eye can see nothing but a waste of laughing, springing, foamy waves, turning, crossing, even seeming to stand for an instant erect, but always borne impetuously forward like a crowd of triumphant feasters. Sit close down by it, and you see a fragment of the torrent against the sky, mottled, steely, and foaming, leaping onward in far-flung criss-cross strands of water. Perpetually the eye is on the point of descrying a pattern in this weaving, and perpetually it is cheated by change. In one place part of the flood plunges over a ledge a few feet high and a quarter of a mile or so long, in a uniform and stable curve. It gives an impression of almost military concerted movement, grown suddenly out of confusion. But it is swiftly lost again in the multitudinous tossing merriment.

Here and there a rock close to the surface is marked by a white wave that faces backwards and seems to be rushing madly up-stream, but is really stationary in the headlong charge. But for these signs of reluctance, the waters seem to fling themselves on with some foreknowledge of their fate, in an ever wilder frenzy. But it is no Maeterlinckian prescience. They prove, rather, that Greek belief that the great crashes are preceded by a louder merriment and a wilder gaiety. Leaping in the sunlight, careless, entwining, clamorously joyful, the waves riot on towards the verge.

But there they change. As they turn to the sheer descent, the white and blue and slate color, in the heart of the Canadian Falls at least, blend and deepen to a rich, wonderful, luminous green. On the edge of disaster the river seems to gather herself, to pause, to lift a head noble in ruin, and then, with a slow grandeur, to plunge into the eternal thunder and white chaos below. Where the stream runs shallower it is

a kind of violet color, but both violet and green fray and frill to white as they fall. The mass of water, striking some ever-hidden base of rock, leaps up the whole two hundred feet again in pinnacles and domes of spray. The spray falls back into the lower river once more ; all but a little that fines to foam and white mist, which drifts in layers along the air, graining it, and wanders out on the wind over the trees and gardens and houses, and so vanishes.

The manager of one of the great power-stations on the banks of the river above the Falls told me that the center of the riverbed at the Canadian Falls is deep and of a saucer shape. So it may be possible to fill this up to a uniform depth, and divert a lot of water for the power-houses. And this, he said, would supply the need for more power, which will certainly soon arise, without taking away from the beauty of Niagara. This is a handsome concession of the utilitarians to ordinary sight-seers. Yet, I doubt if we shall be satisfied. The real secret of the beauty and terror of the Falls is not their height or width, but the feeling of colossal power and of unintelligible disaster caused by the plunge of that vast body of water. If that were taken away, there would be little visible change, but the heart would be gone.

The American Falls do not inspire this feeling in the same way as the Canadian. It is because they are less in volume, and because the water does not fall so much into one place. By comparison their beauty is almost delicate and fragile. They are extraordinarily level, one long curtain of lacework and woven foam. Seen from opposite, when the sun is on them, they are blindingly white, and the clouds of spray show dark against them? With both Falls the color of the water is the ever-altering wonder. Greens and blues, purples and whites, melt into one another, fade, and come again, and change with the changing sun. Sometimes they are as richly diaphanous as a precious stone, and glow from within with a deep, inexplicable light. Sometimes the white intricacies of dropping foam become opaque and creamy. And always there are the rainbows. If you come suddenly upon the Falls from above, a great double rainbow, very vivid, spanning the extent of spray from top to bottom, is the first thing you see. If you wander along the cliff opposite, a bow springs into being in the American Falls, accom-

panies you courteously on your walk, dwindles and dies as the mist ends, and awakens again as you reach the Canadian tumult. And the bold traveler who attempts the trip under the American Falls sees, when he dare open his eyes to anything, tiny baby rainbows, some four or five yards in span, leaping from rock to rock among the foam, and gamboling beside him, barely out of hand's reach, as he goes. One I saw in that place was a complete circle, such as I have never seen before, and so near that I could put my foot on it. It is a terrifying journey, beneath and behind the Falls. The senses are battered and bewildered by the thunder of the water and the assault of wind and spray; or rather, the sound is not of falling water, but merely of falling; a noise of unspecified ruin. So, if you are close behind the endless clamor, the sight cannot recognize liquid in the masses that hurl past. You are dimly and pitifully aware that sheets of light and darkness are falling in great curves in front of you. Dull omnipresent foam washes the face. Farther away, in the roar and hissing, clouds of spray seem literally to slide down some invisible plane of air.

Beyond the foot of the Falls the river is like a slipping floor of marble, green with veins of dirty white, made by the scum that was foam. It slides very quietly and slowly down for a mile or two, sullenly exhausted. Then it turns to a dull sage green, and hurries more swiftly, smooth and ominous. As the walls of the ravine close in, trouble stirs, and the waters boil and eddy. These are the lower rapids, a sight more terrifying than the Falls, because less intelligible. Close in its bands of rock the river surges tumultuously forward, writhing and leaping as if inspired by a demon. It is pressed by the straits into a visibly convex form. Great planes of water slide past. Sometimes it is thrown up into a pinnacle of foam higher than a house, or leaps with incredible speed from the crest of one vast wave to another, along the shining curve between, like the spring of a wild beast. Its motion continually suggests muscular action. The power manifest in these rapids moves one with a different sense of awe and terror from that of the Falls. Here the inhuman life and strength are spontaneous, active, almost resolute; masculine vigor compared with the passive gigantic power, female, helpless and overwhelming, of the Falls. A place of fear. One is drawn back, strangely, to a contemplation of

the Falls, at every hour, and especially by night, when the cloud of spray becomes an immense visible ghost, straining and wavering high above the river, white and pathetic and translucent. The Victorian lies very close below the surface in every man. There one can sit and let great cloudy thoughts of destiny and the passage of empires drift through the mind; for such dreams are at home by Niagara. I could not get out of my mind the thought of a friend, who said that the rainbows over the Falls were like the arts and beauty and goodness, with regard to the stream of life-caused by it, thrown upon its spray, but unable to stay or direct or affect it, and ceasing when it ceased. In all comparisons that rise in the heart, the river, with its multitudinous waves and its single current, likens itself to a life, whether of an individual or of a community. A man's life is of many flashing moments, and yet one stream; a nation's flows through all its citizens, and yet is more than they. In such places, one is aware, with an almost insupportable and yet comforting certitude, that both men and nations are hurried onwards to their ruin or ending as inevitably as this dark flood. Some go down to it unreluctant, and meet it, like the river, not without nobility. And as incessant, as inevitable, and as unavailing as the spray that hangs over the Falls, is the white cloud of human crying. . . . With some such thoughts does the platitudinous heart win from the confusion and thunder of a Niagara peace that the quietest plains or most stable hills can never give.



PICNICKING UP JULINGTON.

from: The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Palmetto-Leaves*, by Harriet Beecher Stowe

MANDARIN, FLA., Feb. 29, 1872.

This twenty-ninth day of February is a day made on purpose for a fishing-party. A day that comes only once in four years certainly ought

to be good for something; and this is as good a day for picnicking up Julington as if it had been bespoken four years ahead. A bright sun, a blue sky, a fresh, strong breeze upon the water,--these are Nature's contributions. Art contributes two trim little white yachts, "The Nelly" and "The Bessie," and three row-boats. Down we all troop to the landing with our luncheon-baskets, kerosene-stove, tea-kettle, and coffee-pot, baskets of oranges, and fishing-reels.

Out flutter the sails, and away we go. No danger to-day of being left in the lurch in the middle of the river. There is all the breeze one wants, and a little more than the timorous love; and we go rippling and racing through the water in merry style. The spray flies, so that we need our water-proofs and blankets; but the more the merrier. We sweep gallantly first by the cottage of your whilom editor in "The Union," and get a friendly salute; and then flutter by D----'s cottage, and wave our handkerchiefs, and get salutes in return. Now we round the point, and Julington opens her wide blue arms to receive us. We pass by Neighbor H----'s, and again wave our handkerchiefs, and get answering salutes. We run up to the wharf to secure another boat and oarsman in the person of Neighbor P----, and away we fly up Julington. A creek it is called, but fully as wide as the Connecticut at Hartford, and wooded to the water on either side by these glorious Florida forests.

It is a late, backward spring for Florida; and so these forests are behindhand with their foliage: yet so largely do they consist of bright polished evergreen trees, that the eye scarcely feels the need of the deciduous foliage on which the bright misty green of spring lies like an uncertain vapor. There is a large admixture in the picture of the cool tints of the gray moss, which drapes every tree, and hangs in long pendent streamers waving in the wind. The shores of the creek now begin to be lined on either side with tracts of a water-lily which the natives call bonnets. The blossom is like that of our yellow pond-lily; but the leaves are very broad and beautiful as they float like green islands on the blue waters. Here and there, even in the centre of the creek, are patches of them intermingled with quantities of the water-lettuce,--a floating plant which abounds in these tracts. Along the edges of these water-lily patches are the favorite haunts of the fish, who delight to find shelter among the green leaves. So the yachts come to anchor; and the party divides into the three row-boats, and prepares to proceed to business.

We have some bustle in distributing our stove and tea-kettle and lunch-baskets to the different boats, as we are to row far up stream, and, when we have caught our dinner, land, and cook it. I sit in the bow, and, being good for nothing in the fishing-line, make myself of service by holding the French coffee-pot in my lap. The tea-kettle being at my feet on one side, the stove on the other, and the luncheon-basket in full view in front, I consider myself as, in a sense, at

housekeeping. Meanwhile the fishing-reels are produced, the lines thrown; and the professional fishermen and fisherwomen become all absorbed in their business. We row slowly along the bobbing, undulating field of broad green bonnet-leaves, and I deliver myself to speculations on Nature. The roots of these water-lilies, of the size of a man's arm, often lie floating for yards on the surface, and, with their scaly joints, look like black serpents. The ribbed and shining leaves, as they float out upon the water, are very graceful. One is struck with a general similarity in the plant and animal growths in these regions: the element of grotesqueness seems largely to enter into it. Roots of plants become scaly, contorted, and lie in convolutions like the coils of a serpent. Such are the palmetto-shrubs, whose roots lie in scaly folds along the ground, catching into the earth by strong rootlets, and then rising up here and there into tall, waving green fans, whose graceful beauty in the depths of these forests one is never tired of admiring. Amid this serpent-like and convoluted jungle of scaly roots, how natural to find the scaly alligator, looking like an animated form of the grotesque vegetable world around! Sluggish, unwieldy, he seems a half-developed animal, coming up from a plant,--perhaps a link from plant to animal. In memory, perhaps, of a previous woodland life, he fills his stomach with pine-knots, and bits of board, wherever he can find one to chew. It is his way of taking tobacco. I have been with a hunter who dissected one of these creatures, and seen him take from his stomach a mass of mingled pine-knots, with bits of brick, worn smooth, as if the digestive fluids had somewhat corroded them. The fore leg and paw of the alligator has a pitiful and rather shocking resemblance to a black human hand; and the muscular power is so great, that in case of the particular alligator I speak of, even after his head was taken off, when the incision was made into the pectoral muscle for the purpose of skinning, this black hand and arm rose up, and gave the operator quite a formidable push in the chest.

We hope to see some of these creatures out; but none appear. The infrequency of their appearance marks the lateness and backwardness of our spring. There!--a cry of victory is heard from the forward boat; and Mademoiselle Nelly is seen energetically working her elbows: a scuffle ensues, and the captive has a free berth on a boat, without charge for passage-ticket. We shout like people who are getting hungry, as in truth we are. And now Elsie starts in our boat; and all is commotion, till a fine blue bream, spotted with black, is landed. Next a large black trout, with his wide yellow mouth, comes up unwillingly from the crystal flood. We pity them; but what are we to do? It is a question between dinner and dinner. These fish, out marketing on their own account, darted at our hook, expecting to catch another fish. We catch them; and, instead of eating, they are eaten.

After all, the instinct of hunting and catching something is as strong in the human breast as in that of cat or tiger; and we all share the

exultation which sends a shout from boat to boat as a new acquisition is added to our prospective dinner-store.

And now right in front of us looms up from the depth of a group of pines and magnolias a white skeleton of a tree, with gnarled arms, bleached by years of wind and sun, swathed with long waving folds of gray moss. On the very tip-top of this, proudly above all possibility of capture, a fish-hawk's nest is built. Full eighty feet in the air, and about the size of a flour-barrel; built like an old marauding baron's stronghold in the middle ages, in inaccessible fastnesses; lined within and swathed without with gray moss,--it is a splendid post of observation. We can see the white head and shoulders of the bird perched upon her nest; and already they perceive us. The pair rise and clap their wings, and discourse to each other with loud, shrill cries, perhaps of indignation, that we who have houses to dwell in, and beef and chickens to eat, should come up and invade their fishing-grounds.

The fish-hawk--I beg his pardon, the fish-eagle; for I can see that he is a bird of no mean size and proportions--has as good a right to think that the river and the fish were made for him as we; and better too, because the Creator has endowed him with wonderful eyesight, which enables him, from the top of a tree eighty feet high, to search the depths of the river, mark his prey, and dive down with unerring certainty to it. He has his charter in his eyes, his beak, his claws; and doubtless he has a right to remonstrate, when we, who have neither eyes, beaks, nor claws adapted to the purpose, manage to smuggle away his dinner. Thankful are we that no mighty hunter is aboard, and that the atrocity of shooting a bird on her nest will not be perpetrated here. We are a harmless company, and mean so well by them, that they really might allow us one dinner out of their larder.

We have rowed as far up Julington as is expedient, considering that we have to row down again; and so we land in the immediate vicinity of our fish-eagle's fortress, greatly to his discontent. Wild, piercing cries come to us now and then from the heights of the eury; but we, unmoved, proceed with our dinner-preparations.

Do you want to know the best way in the world of cooking fish? Then listen.

The fish are taken to the river by one, and simply washed of their superfluous internals, though by no means scaled. A moment prepares them for the fire. Meanwhile a broad hole has been dug in the smooth white sand; and a fire of dry light wood is merrily crackling therein. The kerosene-stove is set a-going; the tea-kettle filled, and put on to boil; when we disperse to examine the palmetto-jungles. One or two parties take to the boats, and skim a little distance up stream, where was a grove of youthful palmetto-trees. The palmetto-shrub is

essentially a different variety from the tree. In moist, rich land, the shrub rears a high head, and looks as if it were trying to become a tree; but it never does it. The leaf, also, is essentially different. The full-grown palm-leaf is three or four yards long, curiously plaited and folded. In the centre of both palmetto and palm is the bud from whence all future leaves spring, rising like a green spike. This bud is in great request for palmetto-hats; and all manner of palm-work; and it was for these buds that our boating-party was going. A venturesome boy, by climbing a neighboring tree and jumping into the palm, can succeed in securing this prize, though at some risk of life and limb. Our party returned with two palm-buds about two yards long, and one or two of the long, graceful leaves.

But now the fire has burned low, and the sand-hole is thoroughly heated. "Bring me," says the presiding cook, "any quantity of those great broad bonnet-leaves." And forth impetuous rush the youth; and bonnet-leaves cool and dripping are forthcoming, wherewith we double-line the hole in the sand. Then heads and points, compactly folded, go in a line of fish, and are covered down green and comfortable with a double blanket of dripping bonnet-leaves. Then, with a flat board for our shovel, we rake back first the hot sand, and then the coals and brands yet remaining of the fire. Watches are looked at; and it is agreed by old hands experienced in clam-bakes that half an hour shall be given to complete our dinner.

Meanwhile the steaming tea-kettle calls for coffee, and the French coffee-pot receives its fragrant store; while the fish-hawk, from his high tower of observation, interjects plaintive notes of remonstrance. I fancy him some hoarse old moralist, gifted with uncomfortable keen-sightedness, forever shrieking down protests on the ways of the thoughtless children of men.

What are we doing to those good fish of his, which he could prepare for the table in much shorter order? An old hunter who has sometimes explored the ground under the fish-hawk's nest says that bushels of fish-bones may be found there, neatly picked, testifying to the excellent appetite which prevails in those cloud-regions, and to the efficiency of the plan of eating fish *_au naturel_*.

We wander abroad, and find great blue and white violets and swamp-azaleas along the river's brink; and we take advantage of the not very dense shade of a long-leaved pine to set out the contents of our luncheon-baskets. Ham-sandwiches, hard-boiled eggs, cakes in tempting variety, jellies and fruits, make their appearance in a miscellaneous sort of way. And now comes the great operation of getting out our fish. Without shovel, other than a bit of inflammable pine-board, the thing presents evident difficulties: but it must be done; and done it is.

A platter is improvised of two large palmetto-leaves. The fire is raked off, and the fish emerge from their baking-place, somewhat the worse as to external appearance; but we bear them off to the feast. In the trial process we find that the whole external part of the fish--scales, skin, and fins--comes off, leaving the meat white and pure, and deliciously juicy. A bit well salted and peppered is forthwith transferred to each plate; and all agree that never fish was better and sweeter. Then coffee is served round; and we feast, and are merry. When the meal is over, we arrange our table for the benefit of the fish-hawks. The fragments of fish yet remaining, bits of bread and cake and cheese, are all systematically arranged for him to take his luncheon after we are gone. Mr. Bergh himself could not ask more exemplary conduct.

For now the westering sun warns us that it is time to be spreading our sails homeward; and, well pleased all, we disperse ourselves into our respective boats, to fish again as we pass the lily-pads on the shore. The sport engages every one on board except myself, who, sitting in the end of the boat, have leisure to observe the wonderful beauty of the sky, the shadows of the forests-belts in the water, and the glorious trees.

One magnolia I saw that deserved to be called an archangel among the sons of the forest. Full a hundred feet high it stood, with a trunk rising straight, round, and branchless for full fifty feet, and crowned with a glorious head of rich, dark, shining leaves. When its lily-blossoms awake, what a glory will it become, all alone out there in the silent forest, with only God to see!

No: let us believe, with Milton, that

"Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep;"

and the great magnolia-trees may spring and flower for them.

The fishing luck still continues; and the prospects for a breakfast to-morrow morning are bright. One great fellow, however, makes off with hook, spoon, and all; and we see him floundering among the lily-pads with it in his mouth, vastly dissatisfied with his acquisition. Like many a poor fellow in the world's fishing, he has snapped at a fine bait, and got a sharp hook for his pains.

Now we come back to the yachts, and the fishing is over. The sun is just going down as we raise our white sails and away for the broad shining expanse of the St. John's. In a moment the singers of our party break forth into song and glee; and catches roll over the water from one yacht to the other as we race along neck and neck.

The evening wind rises fresh and fair, and we sweep down the beautiful coast. Great bars of opal and rose-color lie across the western sky: the blue waves turn rosy, and ripple and sparkle with the evening light, as we fly along. On the distant wharf we see all the stay-at-homes watching for us as we come to land after the most successful picnic that heart could conceive. Each fisherwoman has her fish to exhibit, and her exploits to recount; and there is a plentiful fish-breakfast in each of the houses.

So goes the 29th of February on the St. John's.



YOKOHAMA.

from: The Project Gutenberg eBook, *A Voyage in the 'Sunbeam'*, by Annie Allnut Brassey

Heavily plunged the breaking wave,
And foam flew up the lea,
Morning and evening the drifted snow
Fell into the dark grey sea.

Tuesday, January 30th.--When we awoke from our slumbers this morning, it was very cold and dark, and we heard noises of a strange kind. On going on deck to ascertain the cause of this state of things, we discovered that the sky-lights and portholes were all covered and blocked up with snow, and that the water froze as it came out of the hose, forming a sheet of ice on the deck. Masses of snow and ice were falling from the rigging, and everything betokened that our welcome to Japan would not be a warm one.

After breakfast we had many visitors, and received letters from Sir Harry and Lady Parkes, inviting us to go up to Yeddo to-morrow for a long day, to settle our future plans.

Having landed, we went with the Consul to the native town, to see the curio shops, which are a speciality of the place. The inhabitants are wonderfully clever at making all sorts of curiosities, and the manufactories of so-called 'antique bronzes' and 'old china' are two of the most wonderful sights in Yokohama. The way in which they scrape, crack, chip, mend, and colour the various articles, cover them

with dust, partially clean them, and imitate the marks and signatures of celebrated makers, is more creditable to their ingenuity than to their honesty. Still, there are a good many genuine old relics from the temples, and from the large houses of the reduced Daimios, to be picked up, if you go the right way to work, though the supply is limited. Dealers are plentiful, and travellers, especially from America, are increasing in numbers. When we first made acquaintance with the shops we thought they seemed full of beautiful things, but even one day's shopping, in the company of experienced people, has educated our taste and taught us a great deal; though we have still much to learn. There are very respectable-looking lacquer cabinets ranging in price from 5_\$. to 20_\$. But they are only made for the foreign market. No such things exist in a Japanese home. A really good bit of old lacquer (the best is generally made into the form of a small box, a portable medicine-chest, or a chow-chow box) is worth from 20_\$. to 200_\$. We saw one box, about three inches square, which was valued at 45_\$.; and a collection of really good lacquer would be costly and difficult to procure even here. The best specimens I have ever seen are at Lady Alcock's; but they are all either royal or princely presents, not to be bought with money. The tests of good lacquer are its exquisite finish, its satiny, oily feel, and the impossibility of making any impression on it with your thumb-nail. It is practically indestructible, and will wear for ever. All the poor as well as the rich people here use it, and have used it for centuries, instead of china and glass, for cups, saucers, dishes, bowls, which would need to be often washed in the hottest of water. It is said that the modern Japanese have lost the art of lacquer making; and as an illustration I was told that many beautiful articles of lacquer, old and new, had been sent from this country to the Vienna Exhibition in 1873, but the price put on them was so exorbitant that few were sold, and nearly all had to be sent back to Japan. Just as the ship with these things on board reached the Gulf of Yeddo, she struck on a rock and sank in shallow water. A month or two ago a successful attempt was made to raise her, and to recover the cargo, when it was found that the new lacquer had been reduced to a state of pulp, while the old was not in the least damaged. I tell you the tale as it was told to me.

After a long day's shopping, we went to dine, in real Japanese fashion, at a Japanese tea-house. The establishment was kept by a very pleasant woman, who received us at the door, and who herself removed our exceedingly dirty boots before allowing us to step on to her clean mats. This was all very well, as far as it went; but she might as well have supplied us with some substitute for the objectionable articles, for it was a bitterly cold night, and the highly polished wood passages and steep staircase felt very cold to our shoeless feet. The apartment we were shown into was so exact a type of a room in any Japanese house, that I may as well describe it once for all. The woodwork of the roof and the framework of the screens were all made of

a handsome dark polished wood, not unlike walnut. The exterior walls under the verandah, as well as the partitions between the other rooms, were simply wooden lattice-work screens, covered with white paper, and sliding in grooves; so that you could walk in or out at any part of the wall you chose, and it was, in like manner, impossible to say whence the next comer would make his appearance. Doors and windows are, by this arrangement, rendered unnecessary, and do not exist. You open a little bit of your wall if you want to look out, and a bigger bit if you want to step out. The floor was covered with several thicknesses of very fine mats, each about six feet long by three broad, deliciously soft to walk upon. All mats in Japan are of the same size, and everything connected with house-building is measured by this standard. Once you have prepared your foundations and woodwork of the dimensions of so many mats, it is the easiest thing in the world to go to a shop and buy a house, ready made, which you can then set up and furnish in the scanty Japanese fashion in a couple of days.

On one side of the room was a slightly raised *daï*, about four inches from the floor. This was the seat of honour. On it had been placed a stool, a little bronze ornament, and a china vase, with a branch of cherry-blossom and a few flag-leaves gracefully arranged. On the wall behind hung pictures, which are changed every month, according to the season of the year. There was no other furniture of any sort in the room. Four nice-looking Japanese girls brought us thick cotton quilts to sit upon, and braziers full of burning charcoal, to warm ourselves by. In the centre of the group another brazier was placed, protected by a square wooden grating, and over the whole they laid a large silk eider-down quilt, to retain the heat. This is the way in which all the rooms, even bedrooms, are warmed in Japan, and the result is that fires are of very frequent occurrence. The brazier is kicked over by some restless or careless person, and in a moment the whole place is in a blaze.

Presently the eider down and brazier were removed, and our dinner was brought in. A little lacquer table, about six inches high, on which were arranged a pair of chop-sticks, a basin of soup, a bowl for rice, a *saki* cup, and a basin of hot water, was placed before each person, whilst the four Japanese maidens sat in our midst, with fires to keep the *saki* hot, and to light the tiny pipes with which they were provided, and from which they wished us to take a whiff after each dish. *Saki* is a sort of spirit, distilled from rice, always drunk hot, out of small cups. In this state it is not disagreeable, but we found it exceedingly nasty when cold.

Everything was well cooked and served, though the ingredients of some of the dishes, as will be seen from the following bill of fare, were rather strange to our ideas. Still they were all eatable, and most of them really palatable.

Soup.

Shrimps and Seaweed.

Prawns, Egg Omelette, and Preserved Grapes.

Fried Fish, Spinach, Young Rushes, and Young Ginger.

Raw Fish, Mustard and Cress, Horseradish, and Soy.

Thick Soup, of Eggs, Fish, Mushrooms, and Spinach; Grilled Fish.

Fried Chicken, and Bamboo Shoots.

Turnip Tops and Root Pickled.

Rice ad libitum in a large bowl.

Hot Saki, Pipes and Tea.

The meal concluded with an enormous lacquer box of rice, from which all our bowls were filled, the rice being thence conveyed to our mouths by means of chop-sticks. We managed very well with these substitutes for spoons and forks, the knack of using which, to a certain extent, is soon acquired. The long intervals between the dishes were beguiled with songs, music, and dancing, performed by professional singing and dancing girls. The music was somewhat harsh and monotonous; but the songs sounded harmonious, and the dancing was graceful, though it was rather posturing than dancing, great use being made of the fan and the long trailing skirts. The girls, who were pretty, wore peculiar dresses to indicate their calling, and seemed of an entirely different stamp from the quiet, simply dressed waitresses whom we found so attentive to our wants. Still they all looked cheery, light-hearted, simple creatures, and appeared to enjoy immensely the little childish games they played amongst themselves between whiles.

After dinner we had some real Japanese tea, tasting exactly like a little hot water poured on very fragrant new-mown hay. Then, after a brief visit to the kitchen, which, though small, was beautifully clean, we received our boots, and were bowed out by our pleasant hostess and her attentive handmaidens.

On our return we had considerable difficulty in procuring a boat, our own boats being all ashore under repair. It was a beautiful moonlight night, but bitterly cold. The harbour being so full of shipping, our boatmen were at first puzzled how to find the yacht, till we pointed to the lights in the deck-house--always a good beacon at night in a

crowded harbour.

Wednesday, January 31st. We left the yacht soon after eight o'clock, and started by the 9.34 a.m. train for the city formerly called Yeddo, but latterly, since the Mikado has resided there, Tokio, or eastern capital of Japan. The ground was covered with snow, and there were several degrees of frost, but the sun felt hot, and all the people were sunning themselves in the doorways or wide verandahs of their houses.

Yokohama has been so completely Europeanised, that it was not until we had left it that we caught our first glimpse of Japanese life; and the whole landscape and the many villages looked very like a set of living fans or tea-trays, though somehow the snow did not seem to harmonise with it.

We crossed several rivers, and reached Tokio in about an hour, when we at once emerged into the midst of a clattering, chattering crowd, amongst whom there did not seem to be a single European. The reverberation, under the glass roof of the station, of the hundreds of pairs of wooden clogs, pattering along, was something extraordinary. Giving up our tickets, and following the stream, we found ourselves surrounded by a still more animated scene, outside the station. We were just deliberating what to do next, when a smart little Japanese, with a mail-bag over his shoulder, stepped forward and said something about Sir Harry Parkes. He then popped us all into several double and treble-manned _jinrikishas_, and started off himself ahead at a tremendous pace, shouting and clearing the way for us.

Tokio is a genuinely Japanese town. Not a single foreigner resides within its limits, with the exception of the foreign Ministers. There is no hotel nor any place of the kind to stay at; so that, unless you have friends at any of the Legations, you must return to Yokohama the same day, which makes a visit rather a fatiguing affair.[16]

[Footnote 16: I have since heard that there are two hotels at Tokio, such as they are.]

Our first halting-place was at the Temple of Shiba, not far from the station, where most of the Tycoons have been buried. It is a large enclosure, many acres in extent, in the centre of the city, with walls overgrown with creepers, and shadowed by evergreen trees, amid whose branches rooks caw, ravens croak, and pigeons coo, as undisturbedly as if in the midst of the deepest woodland solitude. I had no idea there was anything so beautiful in Japanese architecture as this temple. The primary idea in the architecture of Japan is evidently that of a tent among trees. The lines of the high, overhanging, richly decorated roofs, with pointed gable ends, are not straight, but delicately

curved, like the suspended cloth of a tent. In the same way, the pillars have neither capital nor base, but seem to run through the building perpendicularly, without beginning or end. The principal temple was burnt down a few years ago; but there are many smaller ones remaining, built in exactly the same style, and all the tombs are perfect. Some people say the bodies are enclosed in coffins, filled with vermilion, but I need hardly say we had no opportunity of ascertaining the correctness of this statement. We entered several of the temples, which are perfect marvels of carving, gilding, painting, and lacquer work. Their style of decoration may be somewhat barbaric; but what a study they would form for an artist! Outside, where no colour is used, the overhanging roofs and the walls are carved with a depth and boldness, and yet a delicacy, I have seldom seen equalled; the doors and railings being of massive bronze, brought from the Corea. Within, a dim religious light illumines and harmonises a dazzling mass of lacquer, gold, and painting. It is the grandest burial-place imaginable; too good for the long line of men who have tyrannised over Japan and its lawful sovereigns for so many centuries past.

The streets of Tokio were crowded with a motley throng up to the very gates of the citadel, where, within the first moat, stand all the _yashgi_, or residences of the Daimios. Each _yashgi_ is surrounded by a blank wall, loopholed, and with a tower at each of the four corners. Within this outer wall is the court of the retainers, all of them 'two-sworded' men; then comes a second wall, also loopholed, inside which dwell distant relations of the Daimio; and then again a third enclosure, guarding the Daimio himself, with his immediate belongings. After crossing the third moat we reached the Mikado's gardens and palace, the public offices, and the residences of the foreign Ministers, all of which were formerly occupied by the Tycoon, or Shogun, and his ministers. On the waters of the inner moat were thousands of wild ducks and geese. Nobody is allowed to harm them, and the birds seem to be perfectly aware of this fact, for they disport themselves with the greatest confidence.

The English Embassy is a nice red brick house, built in the centre of a garden, so as to be as secure as possible from fire or attack. After a most pleasant luncheon we looked over the nucleus of a second collection which Lady Parkes is beginning to form. Her former beautiful collection was burnt a few years ago, a most disheartening misfortune, especially as the opportunities for obtaining really old and good things in Japan are diminishing day by day.

A little later we started in great force, some in carriages and some on horseback, attended by running grooms, to see something more of the city. These men think nothing of running by the side of a horse and carriage some forty miles a day. They form a distinct class, and when

working on their own account wear little clothing. When in the service of private individuals they are dressed in tight-fitting dark-blue garments, with short capes, fastened to their arms, and large hats.

Just outside the Embassy we passed two of the finest of the still existing _yashgis_, the larger one being used as the Home Office, the other as the Foreign Office.

There is always a festival going on in some part of Tokio. To-day there had been a great wrestling-match, and we met all the people coming away. Such crowds of _jinrikiskas_, full of gaily dressed and painted women and children, with their hair plastered into all sorts of inconceivable shapes, and decorated with artificial flowers and glittering pins! We met six of the wrestlers themselves, riding in _jinrikishas_--big men, prodigiously fat, and not at all, according to our ideas, in fighting or wrestling condition. One of their _jinrikisha_ men stumbled and fell, just as they passed us, and the wrestler shot out, head over heels, and lay, a helpless ball of fat, in the middle of the road, till somebody came and picked him up. He was not in the least hurt, and, as soon as he was set on his feet again, began to belabour the poor _jinrikisha_ man most unmercifully. After a long and delightful drive we arrived at the station just in time to catch the train.

The return journey to Yokohama, in the omnibus-like railway carriages, was very cold, and the _jinrikisha_ drive to the Grand Hotel colder still; but a roaring fire and a capital dinner soon warmed and comforted us.

After dinner we looked over a fine collection of photographs of Japanese scenery and costumes, and then returned to the yacht in the house-boat belonging to the hotel, which was prettily decorated with bright-coloured lanterns, and which afforded welcome shelter from the biting wind.

Thursday, February 1st.--Careful arrangements have been made for our excursion to the Island of Inoshima, to see the great figure of Daibutz. By eight o'clock we had landed, and packed ourselves into a funny little shaky carriage, drawn by four horses. We drove quickly through the town, past the station, along the Tokaido, or imperial road, running from one end of the Island of Nippon to the other, and on which so many foreigners have been murdered even within the last ten years. Now, however, it is perfectly safe. The houses are one story high, and their walls are made of the screens I have already described. These screens were all thrown back, to admit the morning air, cold as it was. We could consequently see all that was going on within, in the sitting-room in front, and even in the bedrooms and

kitchen. At the back of the house there was invariably a little garden to be seen, with a miniature rockery, a tree, and a lake; possibly also a bridge and a temple. Even in the gardens of the poorest houses an attempt at something of the sort had been made. The domestic occupations of the inhabitants being conducted in this public manner, a very good idea might be obtained, even at the end of a few miles' drive, of how the lower class of Japanese wash and dress themselves and their children, how very elaborate the process of hair-dressing is, to say nothing of a bird's-eye view of the ground-plan of the houses, the method of cooking food, &c.

As we emerged into the open country the landscape became very pretty, and the numerous villages, nestling in the valleys at the foot of the various small hills, had a most picturesque appearance. At a stone-quarry that we passed, on the side of a mountain, there were about seventy men at work, without any clothing, though the thermometer was far below freezing point. The Japanese are a sensitive nation, and finding that foreigners were astonished and shocked at the habits of the people, in going about without clothes, and in bathing in public and at their house doors, they passed a law prohibiting these customs in towns. In the country, however, the more primitive customs are still in force, and every dwelling has its half-open bath-house, whilst the people do as they like in the matter of clothing.

After stopping twice on the road, to drink the inevitable tea, we changed from our carriage to _jinrikishas_, each drawn and pushed by four strong men, bowling along at a merry pace. The sun was very warm in the sheltered valleys, and the abundance of evergreens of all kinds quite deluded one into the belief that it was summer time, especially as camellias grew like forest trees, covered with red and white bloom, amidst a dense tangle of bamboos and half-hardy palms. There were many strange things upside down to be seen on either hand--horses and cows with bells on their tails instead of on their necks, the quadrupeds well clothed, their masters without a scrap of covering, tailors sewing from them instead of to them, a carpenter reversing the action of his saw and plane. It looked just as if they had originally learned the various processes in 'Alice's Looking-glass World' in some former stage of their existence.

We had not long left the town before our men began to undress each other; for their clothes were so tight that it required no inconsiderable effort to remove them. Some of them were beautifully tattooed. My wheeler had the root of a tree depicted on one foot, from which sprang the trunk and branches, spreading gradually, until on his back and chest they bore fruit and flowers, amongst which birds were perched. On his other leg was a large stork, supposed, I imagine, to be standing under the shadow of the same tree. Another man had human

figures tattooed all over him, in various attitudes.

In less than an hour we reached the narrow strip of land which at low water connects the island or peninsula of Inoshima with the mainland. This isthmus was covered with natives gathering shells and seaweed, casting their nets, and pushing off or dragging up their boats; whilst an island rose fresh and green from the sea, with a background of snowy mountains, stretching across the bay, above which Fujiyama towered grandly. This name signifies 'not two, but one mountain,' the Japanese thinking it impossible that there can be another like it in the world. The lovely little island is called Inoshima, and is conical in shape and covered with evergreens and Buddhist temples, with a few small fishing villages scattered on its shores. We walked right across it in about an hour; so you may imagine it is not very large. The sea teems with curiously shaped fish and beautiful shells. The staple food of the inhabitants seems to be those lovely 'Venus's ears,' [17] as they are called--a flattish univalve, about as big as your hand, with a row of holes along the edge, and a lining of brilliant black mother-of-pearl. These were lying about in heaps mixed with white mother-of-pearl shells, as big as your two fists, and shaped like a snail-shell.

[Footnote 17: Haliotis.]

Our _jinrikisha_ men deposited us at the bottom of the main street of the principal village, to enter which we passed through a simple square arch of a temple. The street was steep and dirty, and consisted principally of shell-fish and seaweed shops.

An old priest took us in hand, and, providing us with stout sticks, marched us up to the top of the hill to see various temples, and splendid views in many directions. The camellias and evergreens on the hillside made a lovely framework for each little picture, as we turned and twisted along the narrow path. I know not how many steps on the other side of the island had to be descended before the sea-beach was reached. Here is a cavern stretching 500 feet straight below high-water mark, with a shrine to Benton Sama, the Lucina of Japan; and having been provided with candles, we proceeded a few hundred feet through another cave, running at right angles to the first.

As it would have been a long steep walk back, and I was very tired, we called to one of the numerous fishing boats near the shore, and were quickly conveyed round to our original starting place. Before we said good-bye, one of the old priests implored to be allowed to dive into the water for half-a-dollar. His request was complied with, and he caught the coin most successfully.

We lunched at a tea-house, our meal consisting of fish of all kinds,

deliciously cooked, and served, fresh from the fire, in a style worthy of Greenwich; and as we had taken the precaution to bring some bread and wine with us, we were independent of the usual rice and _saki_.

After this we proceeded on our way towards the Daibutz, or Great Buddha, situated within the limits of what was once the large city of Kama-kura, now only a collection of small hamlets. As all Japanese cities are built of wood, it is not wonderful that they should in time entirely disappear, and leave no trace behind them. But there still remain some of the columns of the temple which once existed in the gardens surrounding the idol. Now he is quite alone; and for centuries has this grand old figure sat, exposed to the elements, serenely smiling on the varying scene beneath him. The figure is of bronze, and is supposed to have been cast about the year 1250 or 1260.

It is some 50 ft. high, with golden eyes and a silver spiral horn on the forehead. It is possible to sit or stand on the thumb, and within the hollow body an altar is erected, at which the priests officiate. Sitting there, amidst a grove of enormous cryptomerias and bamboos, there is an air of ineffable silent strength about that solitary figure, which affords a clue to the tenacity with which the poorer classes cling to Buddhism. The very calmness of these figures must be more suggestive of relief and repose to the poor weary worshippers than the glitter of the looking-glass and crystal ball to be found in the Shintoo temples. The looking-glass is intended to remind believers that the Supreme Being can see their innermost thoughts as clearly as they can perceive their own reflection; while the crystal ball is an emblem of purity. Great store is set by the latter, especially if of large size and without flaw; but to my mind the imperfect ones are the best, as they refract the light and do not look so much like glass.

In another village close by--also part of the ancient Kama-kura--there is a fine temple, dedicated to the God of War; but we were pressed for time, and hurried back to the little carriages. The homeward drive was long and cold; but the Tokaido looked very pretty lighted up, the shadows of the inmates being plainly visible on the paper walls, reminding one of a scene in a pantomime. On our way down a very steep hill we met the men carrying a _cango_. It is a most uncomfortable-looking basket-work contrivance, in which it is impossible to sit or lie with ease. These _cangoes_ used formerly to be the ordinary conveyance of Japan, but they are now replaced by the _jinrikishas_, and they are seldom met with, except in the mountains or in out-of-the-way places.

Friday, February 2nd.--I was called at five o'clock, and at half-past six Mabelle and I started for the market. It was blowing a gale, and our four oarsmen found it as much as they could do to reach the shore. The Shanghai mail-boat was just in, and I pitied the poor

passengers, who were in all the misery of being turned out into the cold of the early morning, with the spray breaking over them as they sat in the small boats.

The market at Yokohama is one of the sights of the place. There were large quantities of birds and game of all kinds--pheasants with tails six feet long, of a rare copper-coloured variety, ducks, pigeons, small birds, hares, deer, rabbits. The fish-market was well supplied, especially with cuttle-fish. They are not inviting-looking, but are considered a delicacy here. A real octopus, in a basket, with its hideous body in the centre, and its eight arms, covered with suckers, arranged in the form of a star, is worth from a dollar to a dollar and a half, according to its size. I was not tempted, however, to make any purchases.

From the market we went to one or two small shops in back streets, and thence over the bluffs, in the teeth of a bitterly cold wind, to a nursery garden, to examine the results of the Japanese art of dwarfing and distorting trees. Some of the specimens were very curious and some beautiful, but most were simply hideous. We saw tiny old gnarled fruit-trees, covered with blossom, and Scotch firs and other forest trees, eight inches high, besides diminutive ferns and creepers.

It being now half-past nine o'clock, we went to the hotel to meet the rest of the party for breakfast, and at one o'clock we returned to the yacht. At half-past one Lady Parkes and several other friends from Tokio came on board to luncheon. They told of three disastrous fires that had taken place in Tokio yesterday, by which the Home Office--one of the finest old Tartar _yashgis_--and several smaller edifices had been destroyed.

After the departure of our guests we paid another visit to the shore, and saw the foxhounds. They are a nice pack, and have good kennels outside the foreign settlement. They were out this morning at 6.30, but unfortunately we did not know of it. There are plenty of foxes, and some very fair country not far from here; so they expect to have good sport.

We weighed anchor at 8.30 p.m. and proceeded under steam. At 11.30, when off Touraya-saki, we set some of the head canvas. It was a cold night, with sleet and snow, though it was not blowing as hard as during the day.



NEVADA DIVORCE LAWS

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Reno*, by Lilyan Stratton

"The History of Nevada," published in 1913, Sam P. Davis writes as follows:

"The unenviable reputation, throughout the length and breadth of the land, in regard to the divorce law, has heaped ignominy on the State of Nevada. A few unscrupulous members of the legal fraternity, little better than outcasts at home, have come to Reno and besmirched the good name of a great State by their activity in converting into pernicious channels a law originally intended to give relief to mismated couples who could not travel the matrimonial highway in peace and harmony.

"The divorce law of Nevada was enacted by the first territorial legislative assembly in 1861. The law was good enough for Nevada and gave general satisfaction until its exploitation for purely mercenary motives began.

"Twenty-two States have practically the same divorce laws in force on their statute books, with the exception of the provision regarding residence. Until this year, Nevada required only six months' residence, but that had to be clearly established before action for dissolution of marriage could have any standing in the courts of the state. The residence had to be absolute, without the lapse of a single day except where good and sufficient reason could be shown, and to the entire satisfaction of the trial court.

"Six months' residence was also necessary for citizenship in Nevada and enabled a man to exercise all the rights of a citizen. Therefore, it naturally follows, that he could prosecute a divorce, or any other kind of a suit, in the State of which he was a citizen.

"In order that the reader may reach an intelligent understanding of this much mooted question, the statute on divorce is quoted in full:

"Divorce from the bonds of matrimony may be obtained * * * for the following causes:

"First--Impotency at the time of marriage, continuing to the time of divorce.

"Second--Adultery, since marriage, remaining unforgiven.

"Third--Wilful desertion at any time; of either party by the other, for a period of one year.

"Fourth--Conviction of a felony or infamous crime.

"Fifth--Habitual gross drunkenness since marriage, of either party, which shall incapacitate him from contributing his or her share to the support of the family.

"Sixth--Extreme cruelty in either of the parties.

"Seventh--Neglect of the husband for the period of one year, to provide the common necessities of life, when such neglect is not the result of poverty on the part of the husband, which he could have avoided in ordinary industry."

"As the law governing the term of residence, to acquire citizenship, which obtained in Nevada for half a century without causing even passing comment, has been taken advantage of for mere mercenary motives, the unanimous verdict of a righteously indignant people went forth that the law should be amended, in some way, to correct the evil. Thus at the last session of the Legislature the time required to obtain a residence before obtaining a divorce was changed from six months to one year.

"If some sister States are stricken with remorse or find themselves in a sudden paroxysm of virtuous indignation, let them pass a law and enforce it, correcting the evils complained of at home, which will keep their divorces from coming to Reno-Nevada does not want them. If they persist in coming, let their home State enact a law which will make a divorce decree obtained in Nevada, void and of no effect whenever and wherever said divorcee sets foot within the borders of the home State. When other States enact and rigidly enforce some such drastic measure, the West will begin to have some regard for their particular brand of virtue. Until then, the West may be pardoned for believing that cant and hypocrisy often join hands with the lawless element and make a grandstand play for political effect.

"Economic conditions in the West are vastly different from those in the East. Nevada is a sparsely populated country, and it is not considered to the interest of the State to hedge about too closely the road which leads to citizenship. Anything which may have a tendency to obstruct immigration or turn it in another direction, is conceded, in this neck of the woods, to be unwise statesmanship. The State has a vital interest in securing and holding as large a population as is consistent with her rapidly increasing resources; always keeping steadily in view the fact that none but desirable citizens are wanted. If, however, the other kind come, as they sometime do, Nevada is ready to cope with the situation, as many of that class can testify from personal experience.

"Nevada is a veteran of the Civil War, having been organized as a territory in 1861, and admitted as a State of this glorious Union in 1864. No soldier on the field of battle ever made a more gallant defense of his country than did this "Battle Born" State during the trying times of the war. What she lacked in men was made up in money. Nevada was baptised in the blood of the nation and paid for her baptismal rite in a flood of gold and silver. With this flood of gold and silver, she saved the commercial honor of the country. This gold and silver paid the armies of the Civil War, averted national bankruptcy, and enabled the Government to resume specie payment in 1873.

"Those were dark days in the financial and political history of the United States, and Nevada, maligned and despised as she is today in some quarters, was the savior of her country in that most critical period of her history. The State that furnished the sinews of war should have some standing in the hearts and minds of the American people, even if Republics are ungrateful.

"From the best information at hand, it would appear that the mines of Nevada have yielded the enormous sum of two billion dollars during the past fifty years. Of this amount it is conceded that the Comstock alone produced fully one-half. The figures are given in round numbers, but are considered by mining men who are posted in such matters to be conservative. Thousands of discoveries, many of them marvelously rich, are still being made all over the state, in hitherto unknown and undeveloped territory. Besides gold, silver and copper, immense deposits of salt, borax, lime, platinum, sulphur, soda, potash-salts, cinnabar, arsenical ores, zinc, coal, antimony, cobalt, nickel, nitre, isinglass, manganese, alum, kaolin, iron, gypsum, mica and graphite exist in large quantities.

"Proudly conscious of her strength and probity of character, great big-hearted Nevada looks down from her lofty pedestal and freely pardons all who may have misjudged her. This is Nevada's record. Match it, if you can.

"The impulse which inspires a desire for a dissolution of an intolerable matrimonial alliance, is as fundamental to human nature as the one which inspires a desire for marriage, and is oft times far more moral. Therefore, to require the commission of immoral and degrading acts on the part of one of the parties to a marriage before a divorce can be granted, regardless of why it is desired, places an unwarranted premium upon immorality, and degrades society equally as much as it does the one committing the offense.

Not only does this policy of the law foster immorality, but immorality

increases in proportion as the law becomes more drastic. Surely, the Nevada law is more moral than that of New York, which permits divorce for adultery only. New York has the most drastic law of any of the States; as a consequence it has in proportion to the population, about seven times as many proven cases of adultery as any other State. There are nearly four times as many such cases there, as in the neighboring State of Pennsylvania. This is not because the good people of New York are so much worse than their neighbors, but because the law requires that residents of the former State, who desire divorce, commit adultery; unless they have the time, money and inclination to go to Reno.

The effort to compel men and women to live together against their own free will, which is the purpose of stringent divorce laws, has caused even more immorality inside of marriage than it has outside. Immoral conditions are never so dangerous as when they exist in marriage. And besides, the fundamental policy of our laws which not only permits, but requires an investigation of divorce causes, is highly productive of evil. Many of the divorce cases in New York are simply food for a set of morbidly curious scandal-mongers. Even the Mohammedans consider our practice in this respect extremely vulgar: there is no more reason why a court should know why a husband and wife wish to separate than why they wish to marry.

Nevada most certainly has the most sane and moral divorce laws of any of the States. More than half a century ago, in 1861, Nevada enacted its divorce laws in their present form. It then, as now, provided for only six months residence before filing suit. This was in line with its other liberal legislation and with legislation in other Western States. This divorce statute included, and still includes, seven causes of action: impotency, adultery, desertion for one year, conviction of a felony, gross drunkenness, cruelty and failure of the husband for a period of one year to provide the common necessities of life.

In addition to this there is another splendid feature of the Nevada divorce law. It is not necessary to have witnesses, except to prove the fact that one is a resident in Nevada. The plaintiff's testimony is sufficient, unless the case is contested.

This law eliminates the despicable bribing of witnesses which so often happens in other states. It also eliminates the obscene, immoral and vulgar courtroom discussions which are often the result of calling witnesses in divorce cases.

The wisdom of this early legislation in Nevada is shown by the fact that more than fifty years afterwards the United States Commission of Uniform Legislation, in preparing a law on divorce to be offered for

adoption by all states, has recommended Nevada's statute almost word for word. It should be remembered that this Commission is made up of the greatest thinkers of modern times: lawyers, jurists, professors, moralists and statesmen.

No one criticises Nevada's causes for action. It is admitted that divorce, when it results from any one of these causes, is the only remedy for unfortunate relations, which, without such remedy, would injure society. A great majority of the leading thinkers and writers in our churches today admit that these causes of action are not too broad.

I believe that Maryland has one of the most lenient divorce laws of any of the Southern States. A divorce is granted to residents after three years' separation. The decree is granted to the one deserted.

Some of the Eastern and Southern States, in this respect, are still in the throes of the dark ages.

The Western States, practically all of them west of the Mississippi River, have seen the perfidy and injustice resulting from such narrow exactions. These modern, progressive ideas have crystallized into the form of wise legislation, the statutes of many of the States being almost identical with that of the State of Nevada.

In South Carolina no divorce is permitted on any ground. New York is but little better since the only cause recognized is adultery.

New York's rigidity in this respect has annually led thousands of people to resort to revolting and immoral acts and join in collusion, in order to obtain relief from wretched and unbearable marriage bonds. Such laws are unjust. Such laws wreck valuable lives. With strong characters they lead only to unhappiness; with the weak, they result in immoral living.

The question then: "Is divorce ever right?" must be answered in the affirmative.

Why should two persons, who find after reasonable trial that they have made a mistake, and that they are wholly unsuited for each other, physically, morally and intellectually, be compelled to live together? What is at first mutual indifference, ripens gradually into loathing and hatred. Such conditions bring into the world innocent children, begotten not of love, as marriage presupposes, but of disgust, hatred, lust and incompatibility. Is it not a fact, established by the most reliable medical authorities and celebrated criminologists, that crime is fostered in the minds of children begotten of inharmonious relationship?

We can never fathom the depth of untold sorrow brought about by unfortunate marriages, where there is no way to annul them. This burden upon mankind has resulted in countless desertions, felonies, drunkenness, murders and suicides.

"In the daytime when she moved about me,
In the night, when she was sleeping at my side,--
I was wearied, I was wearied of her presence.
Day by day and night by night I grew to hate her--
Would God that she or I had died!"
--Kipling.

There is no stronger plea for divorce than hatred; all things mentally, morally and physically bad originate from hatred.

I clipped the following from the Pall Mall Gazette of London, England, of May 20th, 1920:

EASY DIVORCE

Opinions of the Typical Englishman To the Editor of the Pall Mall Gazette,

"Sir:-If it is not too late to answer some of the arguments brought to bear on 'Easy Divorce,' as Lady Beecham calls it, or, as I prefer to call it, the proposed equalisation of the Divorce Laws on which she wrote recently, I would like to know how far the sentiments of the 'Typical Englishman' mentioned in the article are known to Lady Beecham.

"Among many great men she mentions Gladstone. Now, his opinion on the subject is surely well known, as in 1857 he supported an amendment moved by Mr. H. Drummond that infidelity alone on the part of a husband should entitle the wife to the dissolution of the marriage. Gladstone's speech was, I believe, an earnest attack upon the injustice of the Divorce Bill to women.

"An able advocate, Sir Charles Russell, once described the action of a man whose wife was seeking a divorce from him in the following strong terms: 'This was not a case of mere vulgar acts of infidelity, but it was that of a man whose continued course of conduct, consistent only in its profligacy and heartlessness, had brought the wife into a condition by which the marriage tie had become a galling chain.'

"If the conduct of the respondent did not amount to legal cruelty, the law was in an anomalous state, and did emphasize in a marked manner the inequality which existed in the laws relating to these matters

between men and women.

"George Eliot once wrote: 'These things are often unknown to the world; for there is much pain that is quite noiseless, and vibrations that make human agonies are often a mere whisper in the roar of hurrying existence.'"

"Thackeray in 'The Newcomes' speaks of 'matrimonial crimes where the woman is not felled by the actual fist, though she staggers and sinks under the blows quite as cruel and effectual, where with old wounds still unhealed, she strives to hide under a smiling face to the world.'

"How anyone can find it in their heart to state that incurable insanity should not be ground for divorce is inexplicable to me; but as it is well known that partial insanity even is not, and I know of an instance of a man who went twice into an asylum and came back twice to his wife, the poor woman bearing him on each occasion another child. Even this is not a ground for divorce. The Cruelty in refusing the injured person her freedom seems almost incredible."

The first wrong step between young people is impossible to avoid, since during courtship both wear masks, each trying to impress the other that he or she is a paragon of all virtues. The net result is, that the truth often becomes a horrible revelation immediately after the wedding ceremony. Unhappy and mismated marriages, without means of rectification, are the curse of civilization, the living, gnawing cancer of society.

In 1913, Nevada, under the lash of exaggerated newspaper notoriety, enacted a law changing the period of residence for the plaintiff in divorce actions from six months to one year. From Nevada's territorial existence down to that time it had been six months.

It is a matter of history that Nevada extended to the world inducements to go to her sparsely settled lands, in the way of liberal legislation and short periods of residence to acquire rights of full citizenship-franchise included. A man becomes, under Nevada laws, a full fledged citizen and voter at the end of six months. To him is extended every privilege of government and from him is exacted every obligation of government, and the fact that at the end of six months he can bring an action for divorce is a consequence of these laws, and not--as is often thought--their purpose.

Consequently, changing the law on the point of one of its principles instead of equally on all was irrational and illogical. Small wonder, therefore, that in 1915 the people, acting through their legislators and Governor, restored the period of residence in action for divorce

to six months. It is now in strict conformity with their other laws, and with the same rights prescribed by them. Nevada's inhabitants have rescinded their act of 1914, by which they allowed immigrants and citizens to be robbed of a valuable right. The overwhelming vote of the legislature and approval of the bill by the Governor clearly shows the public opinion upon the subject. If it be right to commence action for divorce in one year, then it is right in six months. Length of period of residence is not a moral question. In this act the people of Nevada believe that they are morally and legally right, and that they are materially helping the progress of humanity.

It is often supposed that one can secure a divorce in Reno without having to present grounds or causes for it. Let me hasten to disillusion such "idealists." As mentioned above, there are seven causes for divorce in this State, any one of which in the eyes of the liberal Nevada law, is sufficient justification for a dissolution of marriage.

A fact which perhaps is not generally known is that one may leave the state temporarily any time after establishing a residence, provided, however, that the time during which one has been absent, is eventually "made up," that is; the actual presence in the state and county must amount to six months.

In one divorce case at which I was present,--Mrs. Jones versus Mr. Jones--, the questions to a six months' resident were as follows:

Q. Are you the plaintiff in this action?

Q. What relation does Mr. Jones bear to you?

Q. When were you married?

Q. Where were you married? Q. Are there any children of this marriage?

Q. It is stated in the complaint that since your marriage to Mr. Jones he has been guilty of habitual gross drunkenness, which he has contracted since the marriage. Will you please state to the court the circumstances in regard to his acts of habitual drunkenness?

Q. Have his acts of habitual gross drunkenness incapacitated him from contributing his support to the family?

Q. What effect have his habits of gross habitual drunkenness had upon his performing his part of the marital relations?

Q. Please refer to page 5 paragraph--of your complaint and read it as to your reasons for coming to Reno, Nevada.

Q. When did you come to the County of Washoe, State of Nevada?

Q. Where have you been residing since you came to Reno, Nevada?

Q. Have you been engaged in any occupation or profession during your residence in Reno, Nevada?

Q. What is your intention in regard to your continuing your residence in the State of Nevada?

Q. What was your former name?

Q. Do you desire to be restored to your former name for business and property reasons?

Q. It is stated in the complaint as a second cause of action that Mr. Jones for more than one year last past has failed, neglected and refused to provide you with the common necessities of life. Please state, if any, what provisions he has made for your support and how he has supported you, if at all. Q. It is stated in the complaint that he has been during all the said time and is now an able-bodied, talented man, and has been and is now in receipt of liberal salaries for his services. Please state to the court what the facts are in regard to this.

Q. Has his failure to provide you with the common necessities of life been the result of poverty or sickness and could he have avoided such failure by ordinary industry?

Q. Please state how you have supported yourself.

Q. It is stated in the complaint as a third cause of action that Mr. Jones has been guilty of extreme cruelty to you in the State of Texas and in the State of New York. Please state to the court what his treatment has been to you in the way of using vulgar language to you and calling you vile names.

Q. What occurred at New York City on or about May, 1919, in regard to the conduct of the defendant, in regard to his father and his coming to the hotel in a condition of intoxication.

Q. It is stated that at Waco, Texas, the defendant would drink and keep you awake until a late hour in the morning. Please state to the court the circumstances of his conduct.

Q. What occurred during the winter of 1919 at New York City in regard to Mr. Jones flourishing a loaded revolver and threatening to kill

you?

Q. What effect did his treatment of you have upon your being compelled to leave him?

Q. What have you done in regard to endeavoring to persuade Mr. Jones to cease his excessive use of intoxicating liquors, his exhibition of ugly conduct, his vile language, to induce him to resume a normal condition of conduct and treat you with kindness?

Q. What effect, if any, has his habitual gross drunkenness and extreme cruelty--to you had upon your happiness and health, and how has it affected you mentally and physically?

Q. What effect has it had upon the intent and purposes of intermarriage and rendering your life with your husband unendurable, miserable and unbearable?

In this case the charges were non-support and drunkenness and extreme cruelty.

The plaintiff in a divorce case need not become seriously concerned because a defendant has refused to sign papers at the time he or she has been served. Personal service upon the defendant--the mere fact that the papers are handed to the defendant is sufficient, whether he has accepted them or not--or service by publication and mailing in Nevada will accomplish the same purpose; except that there will be a delay of forty days in the first case and eighty-two in the latter; however, if the defendant is not represented, or does not appear, there may arise the question as to the legality of the divorce in some States, especially in New York State.

It will obviate considerable delay and inconvenience, if the defendant will sign and file his personal answer, admitting the plaintiff's allegations of residence, marriage, children, etc., but denying the cause of action. This answer should also contain an express waiver of notice of all proceedings. An answer cannot be signed, however, until the complaint is filed: the complaint cannot be--filed until six months have elapsed: therefore the divorce is not granted in six months, as is the impression which so many have, but the suit may be started at the termination of the six months' period.

An expeditious and simple method of facilitating proceedings is to have the defendant appoint a lawyer in Nevada, granting him the power of attorney to accept service of the complaint. Since this can be provided for in advance the delay after the case has been filed can be reduced to a minimum.

Below is the form of the Power of Attorney:

"KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS, That I, John Jones, of the Town of Waco, County of..... State of Texas, hereby constitute and appoint..... of the city of Reno, County of Washoe, State of Nevada, as my true and lawful attorney, in fact and at law for me and in my name to act for me and appear for me as my attorney in any action that may or shall be instituted by Mary Jones, my wife, against me for the dissolution of the bonds of matrimony existing between us, in the second Judicial District Court of the State of Nevada, in and for the County of Washoe; and in any such action to accept service of summons thereon and to plead to or demur to, or to answer any verified complaint or other pleading that may or shall be filed by said Mary Jones in any action in said court; and to do and perform any other act or acts or to take any other proceeding or proceedings he shall deem proper in said action.

"GIVING AND GRANTING unto my said attorney or his substitute full power and authority to do and perform all and every act and thing whatsoever requisite and necessary to be done in and out of said action, as fully and to all intents and purposes as I might or could do if personally present with full power of substitution, hereby ratifying and confirming all that my said attorney or his substitute may do or shall cause to be done by virtue of these presents.

"IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and seal this..... day of July A. D., 1917.

"STATE OF TEXAS, COUNTY OF..... ss.:

"On this.... day of July, A. D., 1917, personally appeared before me, a Notary Public, in and for the County of..... State of Texas, John Jones, known to me to be the person described in and who executed the foregoing instrument and who acknowledged to me that he executed the same freely and voluntarily and for the uses and purposes therein mentioned.

"IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal the day and year in this certificate first above written.

"Notary Public in and for the County of State of Texas.

Many people are under the impression that it is absolutely essential to engage a lawyer before reaching Reno, or immediately upon arrival. Both of these conceptions are erroneous. It is considerably wiser to make one's selection after taking up a residence, when one has had an opportunity to discuss the matter with the local people who "know the ropes," and who are thus in a position to advise one right. No legal

action is necessary until some months have elapsed, unless of course the case be exceptional, as the one below for instance.

The Nevada law provides that a suit for divorce may be immediately commenced in the county "where the defendant may be found." From this it will be seen that a plaintiff who has been a resident of Nevada for ten days or even one day, may sue at once if the defendant can be found in Nevada for service. That is, no six months period of residence is necessary at all, if the defendant happens to be there, or comes there for a reconciliation, to regain custody of children, to obtain a satisfactory property settlement, or for any other legitimate purpose, free from collusion.

A celebrated case of this kind was tried at Minden, Nevada, in 1920. Below is a list of questions asked the plaintiff by the lawyer:

Q. When did you first come here?

A. The 15th day of February.

Q. Have you any other residence?

A. No, sir.

Q. Is it your intention to make Nevada your residence?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Did you by any means know of the coming of your husband into this state?

A. No, sir.

Q. Did you make any arrangements whereby he was to come into this state?

A. No, sir.

Q. When did you first learn that he was in this State?

A. A friend told me he was coming to Nevada on business to look for a coal mine.

Q. Did he mention any place your husband might be going to?

A. Yes, he said something about Gold Hill.

Question by the Judge:

Answer by Plaintiff:

Q. Do you know where there are coal mines in Gold Hills? You mean gold mines.

A. Yes, gold mines.

Questions by lawyer:

Answers by Plaintiff:

Q. What if anything did you do on hearing that he might come into this state?

A. Why, I telephoned you and informed you.

Q. Did you see your husband?

A. No, sir.

Questions by Judge:

Answers by Plaintiff:

Q. Did you have anything to do with the appearance of your husband in this vicinity?

A. No, sir.

Q. I want to have you very clear on this. No arrangements were made between yourself and your husband whereby he was to come into this state?

A. No, sir.

Q. When was it that you determined to stay in Nevada?

A. When the doctor told me I needed a change.

Q. And when was that?

A. That was at Christmas, about two weeks after.

Q. Have you ever, directly or indirectly, had any understanding with your husband that you should come into the State of Nevada and later--being here--that he should come into this state, that you should institute divorce proceedings and have him served with papers?

A. No, sir.

Q. Is it your purpose and intention to [remainder of question and answer missing in original]

Q. Did you have anything to do with the appearance of your husband in this vicinity?

A. No, sir.

Q. I want to have you very clear on this. No arrangements were made between yourself and your husband whereby he was to come into this state?

A. No, sir.

Q. When was it that you determined to stay in Nevada?

A. When the doctor told me I needed a change.

Q. And when was that?

A. That was at Christmas, about two weeks after.

Q. Have you ever, directly or indirectly, had any understanding with your husband that you should come into the State of Nevada and later--being here--that he should come into this state, that you should institute divorce proceedings and have him served with papers?

A. No, sir.

Q. Is it your purpose and intention to remain in the State of Nevada as a resident and particularly in the County of Douglas?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Is it your purpose to build here?

A. Well, if I can find a place to suit me I will.

Q. And have you given up Los Angeles as your residence, and your permanent residence is Genoa, Douglas County, Nevada?

A. Until I regain my health, but this will be my home.

Q. Do I understand that you have come into this state in good faith, seeking health and nothing else?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. That you have not come into the State of Nevada for the purpose of instituting divorce proceedings?

A. No, sir.

Q. That is absolutely so?

A. Absolutely.

By the Judge:

"I think I have gone into this question pretty thoroughly. I feel that I should do so in all these matters in view of the fact that our statute requires a six months' residence. Therefore we should look into these matters thoroughly. That is all."

Because of various newspaper items recently published the public has got the idea that the Reno divorce law has been changed. The following article, clipped from the Nevada State Journal of February 2nd, 1921, will explain the change in the laws as amended on that date:

SCOTT DIVORCE BILL PASSES UNANIMOUSLY-SENATE BILL PROVIDES THAT PARTY MUST HAVE LIVED IN STATE SIX MONTHS.

"Carson City, Feb. 1.--The Senate today passed the measure introduced by Senator Scott to amend the present divorce law. The bill as drawn re-enacts the law now in force, with the added provision, that at least one of the parties to an action for divorce must have resided in the State of Nevada not less than six months prior to commencement of the suit.

"On recommendation of the judiciary committee, the bill was amended, to make the beginning of a suit possible in cases where "the cause of action shall have occurred within the county while plaintiff and defendant were actually 'domiciled' therein." In a talk urging passage of the bill as amended, Senator Scott declared that at least 90 per cent, of the odium attached to Nevada because of its divorce law was due to the fact that a few unscrupulous persons and attorneys-by means of collusion-so arrange matters as to take advantage of the "Where the defendant may be found" clause. He stated that he feared that unless some change as he proposed was made that people might soon go to that extreme and demand an enactment of legislation much more severe in its requirements. He presented the bill, "not as an attorney, but as a citizen of Nevada to cure what as a citizen he believed to be an evil." The amendments were adopted, and the bill passed, Senator Ducey answering "No," on roll call.

"At the afternoon session of the Senate, Senator Ducey rose to ask a question of privilege, and proceeded to explain his vote by stating that he had failed to get the gist of the amendment. He thereupon requested that the Senate grant him the courtesy of a reconsideration of the vote taken at the morning session. Under the unanimous consent rule, a motion for reconsideration carried, after which the bill was passed with sixteen senators voting in its favor."

[Illustration: Picture of Sir H. Walter Huskey] Following is a letter from H. Walter Huskey, one of Reno's prominent lawyers, in which at my request he answers some very important questions. Much of the information I have already given you in the foregoing pages, but I think it a good idea to give you the questions exactly as answered by him. This information really consists of most valuable legal advice to anyone anticipating a visit to Reno.

Twenty-second October, 1920.

"Dear Mrs. Stratton:

"I am very happy to have your letter of the 11th instant, and to note that you are making such splendid progress with your book.

"My time and services are always at your command, even though you have asked me some questions that are not strictly in the horizon of a lawyer's work.

"The advantages of Nevada's divorce laws are as follows:

"The residence is only six months, but requires actual presence in the county where the action is to be filed. We have six causes of action for the husband, and--by adding neglect of the husband to provide the plaintiff with the common necessities of life--seven for the wife.

"In most states corroborative evidence is required, that is, testimony of evidence tending to corroborate the allegation and testimony of the plaintiff. In Nevada no corroborative evidence is required in the absence of a contest, that is, testimony of the plaintiff alone in a non-contested case is sufficient.

"In most or many of the states, the decree of divorce when granted is not final and absolute, that is, in some states it is interlocutory, requiring another appearance in court at the end of six months or a year. In other states, either one or both parties are forbidden the right to marry for six months or one year or longer, or the defendant is given six months in which to appeal, or one or both parties are placed under disabilities preventing immediate marriage. In Nevada the

decree is absolute the moment granted and the minister, if desired, may be waiting at the court house door to perform the new marriage ceremony.....

"With these few remarks I shall take up your questions by number:

"1. Where to go upon arrival?

"There are three good hotels in Reno; the Riverside Hotel, Hotel Golden and the Overland Hotel. Besides the hotels we have two or three good apartment houses. Many people go directly to the private boarding houses where room and board can be had at more reasonable figures.

"2. What attitude to take up with the local people: what to do: what to avoid?

"In the great West strangers are taken to be alright, until they prove themselves otherwise. It is unlike the East or South, where one must prove oneself as to character and standing, before one can hope to be admitted into the better circles of society. Fully ninety per cent, of the people who come to Nevada to become bona fide residents with the expectation of taking advantage of Nevada's lenient divorce laws, are people of high character and standing. It is naturally well to mix with Reno's people, to keep oneself as straight and restricted as one would do at home, and to avoid the tendency to throw off all restraint when one passes west of the Rocky Mountains.

"3. Are there any crook lawyers?

"There are crook lawyers, but not in Reno. There were one or two who have been indicted and disbarred. Sometimes it is possible-when the address can be found-to communicate with the defendant spouse and stir up trouble by offering to defend him or her free of charge, hoping by such action to be placed in position to squeeze a few hundred dollars out of the plaintiff. The best way to avoid this is to go to Reno and look over the field before selecting an attorney.

"4. The possibility of blackmail?

"The only possibility in the nature of blackmail comes from unprofessional practitioners like those mentioned in the preceding paragraph, who, in some way having the address of the defendant, communicate with him or her in the hope of stirring up trouble and representing the defendant in the contest. When relations are thus taken up with the proposed defendant, these lawyers usually notify the plaintiff that if the plaintiff will come to him or to a lawyer of his selection--someone closely associated with him--the matters can be adjusted and the divorce granted. The position taken by our County

Clerk, under our law, in refusing absolutely to allow anyone, other than the parties and attorneys for the parties in a divorce suit, to have access to the papers greatly reduces the field of this blackmail and protects many innocent people.

"5. How do you proceed with the case?

"Upon arrival in Reno a new resident ought to find a reputable lawyer, consult him, retain him by paying him possibly one-third of the fee, and state to him the entire cause of action. The lawyer will take down the facts, given a receipt or contract showing the total fee to be paid; will make a record of the beginning of the residence period and will talk to the client generally about his or her cause of action, and the steps necessary to be taken toward establishing a bona fide residence that will hold water against all attack. Many persons have failed in contested cases, because of statements they have placed in letters to friends and relatives. These statements often show that the plaintiff is only serving time in Nevada, and, if brought to the attention of the court, will defeat one's allegation of residence upon which the jurisdiction of the court depends. Without jurisdiction no divorce can be granted.

"6. What is the first step?

"7. What if you cannot serve?

"After the six months' residence period is completed, the first step is to prepare, verify and file the complaint. This complaint is a clear statement of the plaintiff's cause or causes of action. At the time of filing this complaint the summons is issued and handed to the attorney for the plaintiff. Where the defendant is not willing to file an answer or demurrer, and thus submit to the jurisdiction of the court, an "Affidavit for Publication" is sworn to by the plaintiff, and an "Order for Publication" is prepared for the signature of the judge, and being signed by him, is filed with the Clerk of the Court. After publication is ordered service may be made by publication once a week for six weeks in a Reno paper and by mailing a copy of the complaint attached to a copy of the summons to the defendant at his or her last known residence.

"After publishing for six weeks, it is necessary to wait for a period of forty days during which time the defendant may answer. Service is complete only at the end of publication, and a defendant living outside of Nevada is entitled to the full period of forty days after service.

"Below is a facsimile of different forms of 'Service by Publication':

SUMMONS

No. 16447 Dept. No. 2.

IN THE SECOND JUDICIAL DISTRICT COURT OF THE STATE OF NEVADA, IN AND
FOR THE COUNTY OF WASHOE. L.M.M., plaintiff vs. A.M.M., defendant.

The state of Nevada sends greeting to said defendant:

You are hereby summoned to appear within ten days after the service upon you of this summons if served in said county, or within twenty days if served out of said county but within said judicial district and in all other cases within forty days (exclusive of the day of service), and defend the above-entitled action. This action is brought to recover a judgment and decree of this court forever severing and dissolving the bonds of matrimony now and heretofore existing between the parties hereto upon the grounds of desertion, adultery and extreme cruelty as described in the complaint.

Dated this 15th day of December, A. D., 1920 E.H.BEEMER,

Clerk of the Second Judicial District Court of the State of Nevada, in
and for the County of Washoe.

By G. R. ELLITHORPE,
Leroy F. Pike, Deputy.
Attorney for Plaintiff.

SUMMONS IN THE SECOND JUDICIAL DISTRICT OF THE STATE OF NEVADA, IN AND
FOR THE COUNTY OF WASHOE. I.M.G., plaintiff, vs. S.L.G., defendant.

The State of Nevada sends greeting to said defendant:

You are hereby summoned to appear within ten days after the service upon you of this summons if served in said county, or within twenty days if served out of said county but within said judicial district and in all other cases within forty days (exclusive of the day of service), and defend the above-entitled action. This action is brought to recover and decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between you and said plaintiff, upon the ground that you wilfully failed, neglected and refused to provide for said plaintiff the common necessities of life for a period of more than two years next preceding the commencement of this action, although having the ability so to do; awarding to said plaintiff the care, custody and control of the two minor children, the issue of the marriage between you and said plaintiff, to wit: G.L.G. and R.O.G.; and for general relief, as alleged and described in the complaint of said plaintiff now on file

in said action in the office of the Clerk of the above named court, and to which said complaint reference is thereby made and said complaint made a part hereof.

Dated this 8th day of January, A. D., 1921.

E. H. BEEMER,

Clerk of the Second Judicial District Court of the State of Nevada, in and for the County of Washoe.

A. A. SMITH, Attorney for Plaintiff,

312 Clay Peters Bldg., Reno, Nevada. J15-22-29;F5-12-19-2e

"8. What if you can serve?

"Six weeks of time may be saved if the defendant can be served with complaint and summons. This personal service outside the state of Nevada is equivalent to completed service by publication, and the defendant has forty days in which to answer.

"9. What if the defendant does not fight?

"In cases where the defendant is willing that a decree should be granted, much time and some expense may be saved by defendant signing and filing a short formal answer, admitting plaintiff's allegations of residence, marriage, children, etc., but denying the causes of action. By filing this answer personally, or by retaining a Reno lawyer to accept services and file it for the defendant, the defendant need not visit Nevada at all. The case can then be closed up, and the decree granted within ten days after the expiration of the six months. By the filing of this short answer the defendant submits to the jurisdiction of the court, and any decree of divorce granted is valid and effective for plaintiff and defendant alike beyond any question, the world over.

"10. What if the defendant fights?

"If the defendant fights the case, evidence and testimony must be introduced and the case tried as other contested causes in other states. If the defendant be the wife, she can by filing affidavits showing her position financially compel the plaintiff husband, before proceeding with his case, to advance such sums of money as may be necessary to cover costs, attorney's fees, alimony pending the suit and traveling expenses to and from Reno.

"11. What about the chances for losing?

"In the absence of a contest, if a divorce case in Nevada be prepared by a lawyer who knows his business, there is no real reason for losing. If the cause be contested, then it all depends upon the allegations and proofs of the plaintiff as compared with the allegations and proofs of the defendant. Probably three cases out of four (contested cases) are won by the plaintiff.

"12. How is the case called?

"When the case has been filed and the time during which the defendant is permitted to answer has passed, a default is prepared by the attorney for the plaintiff, and signed and filed by the county clerk. In cases where the defendant has appeared personally or by counsel and an answer has been filed, they are ready for trial. On calendar day,-- which comes each Monday--either the default case or the case in which an answer has been filed is called to the attention of the court by the plaintiff's counsel and is set down for trial by the court-- usually some day that week.

"13. Procedure of an actual case? Witnesses: Questions?

"The trial of undefended divorce suits usually takes about fifteen or twenty minutes. The only witnesses necessary are those to Prove "residence in Reno" for the period of six months. Room rent receipts are not sufficient. Usually it is necessary to call the landlady of the rooming house, or the clerk of the hotel where the plaintiff has resided to show a continued residence in the County of Washoe. Where the plaintiff moves about frequently from one rooming house to another, it is more difficult to prove continuous residence. A residence in the county is all that is needed and all that has to be proved, however, and often plaintiffs in the summer time spend a month or two on that portion of Lake Tahoe which is in Washoe County.

"14. Is this case treated publicly or privately?

"All cases are tried in a court room which is open to the general public, unless the allegations are of such immorality in the complaint that the proof should not be heard by the general public. Divorce cases are so common in Reno, however, that the public rarely attend.

"15 Does the decree allow you to take back your own name?

"If the plaintiff be a woman and if there be no children the issue of the marriage, she will be allowed, if requested in the complaint, to take back her maiden name. The decree signed by the court simply orders that the plaintiff's maiden name be restored to her. If there be children the issue of the marriage, the maiden name of the mother will not be restored to her for the reason that it is thought that the

mother should retain the name of her children.

"16. What is the entire cost?

"The entire cost of a non-contested case ranges from \$22 to \$30. If the case be contested there is no telling how high the cost may run. The cost of taking numerous depositions might amount to \$50 or \$100 or more. If the question is intended to cover the fees for lawyers' services, I would say that they run from nothing up to several thousand dollars. The usual fee for a person of ordinary means is about \$250, which is probably the average fee in such cases in Reno, but persons of wealth often pay from \$1,000 to \$5,000.

"17. In what sense are witnesses used, and how do they strengthen the case; is it the same as in the East?

"In all non-contested cases, either where they go by default or where the defendant voluntarily files his answer after the residence for six months is proved, the plaintiff's testimony is sufficient to prove his or her cause of action, that is, no testimony beyond that of the plaintiff is needed where the case is not contested. In the event of a contest, the more witnesses and depositions one can procure the more likely they are to win.

"18. Can the divorce be obtained at once if the defendant can be served in the state?

"The statutes of Nevada expressly provide that, if the cause of action occurred in Nevada, that is, if the last acts of the defendant took place in Nevada, or if the plaintiff and defendant last cohabited in Nevada, or if the defendant without collusion can be served with papers in Nevada, the plaintiff need not reside there six months or for any other definite period. In line with this express provision of Nevada's laws, if a plaintiff comes to Nevada to begin a residence, and if the defendant comes here for any other purpose than to submit to service of the papers, which would be collusion, but bona-fide to secure the custody of children, to procure a settlement of property matters and alimony, to bring about a reconciliation, etc., service of the summons and complaint may forthwith be made upon him in Reno, and the case may proceed to trial at the end of ten days without the six months' residence period by either party.

"19. How is the fee paid, and when?

"As to fees for legal services, some attorneys require the entire fee in advance; some allow the fee to wait until some adjustment or settlement is made, or until the case is ready for trial, but the better method for both client and attorney is for the client to pay

down one-third of the fee as a retainer, one-third at the time of filing the complaint, and the balance of one-third on the day set for the final trial of the case.

"20. Please state the effect the Nevada divorce has in different states. For instance, I know a woman who got her divorce in Nevada and married again in New York; her first husband sued her for divorce in New York and accused her of adultery and got a divorce. Please state if the divorce is absolutely legal when the defendant is not represented, because I am very anxious that my book shall state only facts. I don't want to lead anyone astray on that subject. I am quite sure the divorce is not legal if it is simply obtained by advertising, as I myself was about to be handed back my divorce papers, and refused a marriage license in New York, when I explained that my husband had been personally represented. If that had not been the case I would not be the happy lady I am today.

"Nevada divorces, exactly like the divorces granted in other states, are valid as follows: if the defendant be served in Nevada, in the event he appears in the cause either for contest or voluntarily, for the purpose of submitting to the jurisdiction of the court, the decree is absolute and valid the world over, freeing both parties from the moment it is granted.

"If the defendant be served outside of the state of Nevada, either personally or by publication and mailing, and should not make an appearance in the case, the case goes by default and the decree, which is held valid in most cases as a matter of comity, is seriously questioned in the states of New York, Massachusetts and Illinois. Its validity is questioned, however, only in favor of a defendant who is a resident and citizen of the state where its validity is brought into court, that is, a resident of Illinois obtaining a divorce in Nevada by default against a defendant who resides in Illinois, will find that his decree of divorce is valid beyond a question in New York and Massachusetts and all other states except Illinois. Likewise, a resident of New York may depart from his home, take up his abode in Nevada, obtain a default decree against a spouse domiciled in New York and may marry again and live in any other state, except in the state of New York. It might be noted here, however, that many hundreds of plaintiffs have obtained default decrees under such circumstances and have married again, returned to New York state and have lived there without difficulty. Most foreign countries give validity to a Nevada decree.

"Respectfully submitted,

"H. WALTER HUSKEY."

In considering a divorce in Nevada, the traveling expenses are quite an item; therefore I have written to the Traffic Department of the Pennsylvania Railroad System, and in a letter under date of February 6th, 1921, from the Traffic Manager of that company, I am indebted for the following information:

"Regarding tickets, etc., to Reno, Nevada; round-trip tickets are not sold to Reno, but it is possible to purchase a round-trip ticket from New York to San Francisco or Los Angeles, and use it only as far as Reno. (I found that the greatest advantage of this ticket was that one could have a peep at San Francisco and Southern California without any extra cost, as one returns to the East.--Author). This ticket has no validation feature.

"The round-trip ticket bears a limit of nine months and it costs \$201.06, plus tax of \$16.08, to either San Francisco or Los Angeles. The one-way fare from New York to Reno is \$111.63, plus tax of \$8.98."

The roads used in the trip are The Pennsylvania Railroad, Chicago and Northwestern, Union Pacific and Southern Pacific.

Below are suggestions for the best through trains quoted from 1921 time tables:

Daily Service.

Leave New York (Pennsylvania Station)
6:05 P. M., Saturday

Arrive Chicago
3:00 P. M., Sunday

Leave Chicago (Union Pacific)
7:10 P. M. Sunday, Overland Express.

Arrive Omaha
9:00 A. M. Monday

Arrive Ogden
1:00 P. M. Tuesday

Leave Ogden (Southern Pacific)
12:30 P. M., Pacific time, Tuesday.

Arrive Reno
3:25 A. M. Wednesday

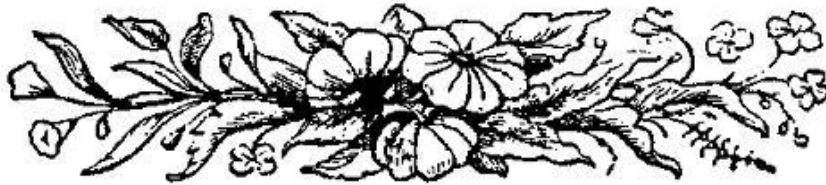
In conclusion I would desire to express the sincerest heart-felt hope

that none of my readers be placed in a position where the only road to follow is: "the Great Divide." However, when there is no way out, no means of reconciliation, no tangible reason for submission to penal servitude for life, the only solution left is to face the truth; to turn one's back upon the past, and face the future!

We revere our ancestors, but the inheritance handed down to us dissolves itself into obligations to the present: our principal obligation to the World today is our duty to the World tomorrow! To posterity: to those to whom "from failing hands we throw the torch...."

As Virgil said: "Nati natorum et qui nascentur ab illis:" our children's children and those who will be born from them.

And in assuming our duty to the World tomorrow, we must start by doing our duty to the World today: ourselves; by righting what is wrong; by blasting the trail through life's mountainous obstacles; and purifying the atmosphere around us and leading the World on to the light that beacons us from beyond.



BY FORCE OF KARMA

from: The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Kokoro*, by Lafcadio Hearn

"The face of the beloved and the face of the risen sun cannot be looked at."-Japanese Proverb.

I

Modern science assures us that the passion of first love, so far as the individual may be concerned, is "absolutely antecedent to all relative experience whatever(1)." In other words, that which might well seem to be the most strictly personal of all feelings, is not an individual matter at all. Philosophy discovered the same fact long ago, and never theorized more attractively than when trying to explain the mystery of the passion. Science, so far, has severely limited itself to a few suggestions on the subject. This seems a pity, because the metaphysicians could at no time give properly detailed explanations,--whether teaching

that the first sight of the beloved quickens in the soul of the lover some dormant prenatal remembrance of divine truth, or that the illusion is made by spirits unborn seeking incarnation. But science and philosophy both agree as to one all-important fact, that the lovers themselves have no choice, that they are merely the subjects of an influence. Science is even the more positive on this point: it states quite plainly that the dead, not the living, are responsible. There would seem to be some sort of ghostly remembrance in first loves. It is true that science, unlike Buddhism, does not declare that under particular conditions we may begin to recollect our former lives. That psychology which is based upon physiology even denies the possibility of memory-inheritance in this individual sense. But it allows that something more powerful, though more indefinite, is inherited,--the sum of ancestral memories incalculable,--the sum of countless billions of trillions of experiences. Thus can it interpret our most enigmatical sensations,--our conflicting impulses,--our strangest intuitions; all those seemingly irrational attractions or repulsions,--all those vague sadnesses or joys, never to be accounted for by individual experience. But it has not yet found leisure to discourse much to us about first love,--although first love, in its relation to the world invisible, is the very weirdest of all human feelings, and the most mysterious.

In our Occident the riddle runs thus. To the growing youth, whose life is normal and vigorous, there comes a sort of atavistic period in which he begins to feel for the feebler sex that primitive contempt created by mere consciousness of physical superiority. But it is just at the time when the society of girls has grown least interesting to him that he suddenly becomes insane. There crosses his life-path a maiden never seen before,--but little different from other daughters of men,--not at all wonderful to common vision. At the same instant, with a single surging shock, the blood rushes to his heart; and all his senses are bewitched. Thereafter, till the madness ends, his life belongs wholly to that new-found being, of whom he yet knows nothing, except that the sun's light seems more beautiful when it touches her. From that glamour no mortal science can disenthral him. But whose the witchcraft? Is it any power in the living idol? No, psychology tells us that it is the power of the dead within the idolater. The dead cast the spell. Theirs the shock in the lover's heart; theirs the electric shiver that tingled through his veins at the first touch of one girl's hand.

But why they should want her, rather than any other, is the deeper part of the riddle. The solution offered by the great German pessimist will not harmonize well with scientific

psychology. The choice of the dead, evolutionally considered, would be a choice based upon remembrance rather than on prescience. And the enigma is not cheerful.

There is, indeed, the romantic possibility that they want her because there survives in her, as in some composite photograph, the suggestion of each and all who loved them in the past. But there is the possibility also that they want her because there reappears in her something of the multitudinous charm of all the women they loved in vain.

Assuming the more nightmarish theory, we should believe that passion, though buried again and again, can neither die nor rest. They who have vainly loved only seem to die; they really live on in generations of hearts, that their desire may be fulfilled. They wait, perhaps through centuries, for the reincarnation of shapes beloved,--forever weaving into the dreams of youth their vapory composite of memories. Hence the ideals unattainable,--the haunting of troubled souls by the Woman-never-to-be-known.

In the Far East thoughts are otherwise; and what I am about to write concerns the interpretation of the Lord Buddha.

(1) Herbert Spencer, Principles of Psychology: "The Feelings."

II

A priest died recently under very peculiar circumstances. He was the priest of a temple, belonging to one of the older Buddhist sects, in a village near Osaka. (You can see that temple from the Kwan-Setsu Railway, as you go by train to Kyoto.)

He was young, earnest, and extremely handsome--very much too handsome for a priest, the women said. He looked like one of those beautiful figures of Amida made by the great Buddhist statuary of other days.

The men of his parish thought him a pure and learned priest, in which they were right. The women did not think about his virtue or his learning only: he possessed the unfortunate power to attract them, independently of his own will, as a mere man. He was admired by them, and even by women of other parishes also, in ways not holy; and their admiration interfered with his studies and disturbed his meditations. They found irreproachable pretexts for visiting the temple at all hours, just to look at him and talk to him; asking questions which it was his duty to answer, and making religious offerings which he could not well refuse.

Some would ask questions, not of a religious kind, that caused him to blush. He was by nature too gentle to protect himself by severe speech, even when forward girls from the city said things that country-girls never would have said,--things that made him tell the speakers to leave his presence. And the more he shrank from the admiration of the timid, or the adulation of the unabashed, the more the persecution increased, till it became the torment of his life(1).

His parents had long been dead; he had no worldly ties: he loved only his calling, and the studies belonging to it; and he did not wish to think of foolish and forbidden things. His extraordinary beauty--the beauty of a living idol--was only a misfortune. Wealth was offered him under conditions that he could not even discuss. Girls threw themselves at his feet, and prayed him in vain to love them. Love-letters were constantly being sent to him, letters which never brought a reply. Some were written in that classical enigmatic style which speaks of "the Rock-Pillow of Meeting," and "waves on the shadow of a face," and "streams that part to reunite." Others were artless and frankly tender, full of the pathos of a girl's first confession of love.

For a long time such letters left the young priest as unmoved, to outward appearance, as any image of that Buddha in whose likeness he seemed to have been made. But, as a matter of fact, he was not a Buddha, but only a weak man; and his position was trying.

One evening there came to the temple a little boy who gave him a letter, whispered the name of the sender, and ran away in the dark. According to the subsequent testimony of an acolyte, the priest read the letter, restored it to its envelope, and placed it on the matting, beside his kneeling cushion. After remaining motionless for a long time, as if buried in thought, he sought his writing-box, wrote a letter himself, addressed it to his spiritual superior, and left it upon the writing-stand. Then he consulted the clock, and a railway time-table in Japanese. The hour was early; the night windy and dark. He prostrated himself for a moment in prayer before the altar; then hurried out into the blackness, and reached the railway exactly in time to kneel down in the middle of the track, facing the roar and rush of the express from Kobe. And, in another moment, those who had worshiped the strange beauty of the man would have shrieked to see, even by lantern-light, all that remained of his poor earthliness, smearing the iron way.

The letter written to his superior was found. It contained a bare

statement to the effect that, feeling his spiritual strength departing from him, he had resolved to die in order that he might not sin.

The other letter was still lying where he had left it on the floor,--a letter written in that woman-language of which every syllable is a little caress of humility. Like all such letters (they are never sent through the post) it contained no date, no name, no initial, and its envelope bore no address. Into our incomparably harsher English speech it might be imperfectly rendered as follows:--

To take such freedom may be to assume overmuch; yet I feel that I must speak to you, and therefore send this letter. As for my lowly self, I have to say only that when first seeing you in the period of the Festival of the Further Shore, I began to think; and that since then I have not, even for a moment, been able to forget. More and more each day I sink into that ever-growing thought of you; and when I sleep I dream; and when, awaking and seeing you not, I remember there was no truth in my thoughts of the night, I can do nothing but weep. Forgive me that, having been born into this world a woman, I should utter my wish for the exceeding favor of being found not hateful to one so high. Foolish and without delicacy I may seem in allowing my heart to be thus tortured by the thought of one so far above me. But only because knowing that I cannot restrain my heart, out of the depth of it I have suffered these poor words to come, that I may write them with my unskillful brush, and send them to you. I pray that you will deem me worthy of pity; I beseech that you will not send me cruel words in return. Compassionate me, seeing that this is but the overflowing of my humble feelings; deign to divine and justly to judge,--be it only with the least of kindness,--this heart that, in its great distress alone, so ventures to address you. Each moment I shall hope and wait for some gladdening answer.

Concerning all things fortunate, felicitation.

_To-day,--
from the honorably-known,
to the longed-for, beloved, august one,
this letter goes._

(1) Actors in Japan often exercise a similar fascination upon sensitive girls of the lower classes, and often take cruel advantage of the power so gained. It is very rarely, indeed, that such fascination can be exerted by a priest.

III

I called upon a Japanese friend, a Buddhist scholar, to ask some questions about the religious aspects of the incident. Even as a confession of human weakness, that suicide appeared to me a heroism.

It did not so appear to my friend. He spoke words of rebuke. He reminded me that one who even suggested suicide as a means of escape from sin had been pronounced by the Buddha a spiritual outcast,--unfit to live with holy men. As for the dead priest, he had been one of those whom the Teacher called fools. Only a fool could imagine that by destroying his own body he was destroying also within himself the sources of sin.

"But," I protested, "this man's life was pure.... Suppose he sought death that he might not, unwittingly, cause others to commit sin?"

My friend smiled ironically. Then he said:--"There was once a lady of Japan, nobly born and very beautiful, who wanted to become a nun. She went to a certain temple, and made her wish known. But the high-priest said to her, 'You are still very young. You have lived the life of courts. To the eyes of worldly men you are beautiful; and, because of your face, temptations to return to the pleasures of the world will be devised for you. Also this wish of yours may be due to some momentary sorrow. Therefore, I cannot now consent to your request.' But she still pleaded so earnestly, that he deemed it best to leave her abruptly. There was a large hibachi--a brazier of glowing charcoal--in the room where she found herself alone. She heated the iron tongs of the brazier till they were red, and with them horribly pierced and seamed her face, destroying her beauty forever. Then the priest, alarmed by the smell of the burning, returned in haste, and was very much grieved by what he saw. But she pleaded again, without any trembling in her voice: 'Because I was beautiful, you refused to take me. Will you take me now?' She was accepted into the Order, and became a holy nun.... Well, which was the wiser, that woman, or the priest you wanted to praise?"

"But was it the duty of the priest," I asked, "to disfigure his face?"

"Certainly not! Even the woman's action would have been very unworthy if done only as a protection against temptation. Self-mutilation of any sort is forbidden by the law of Buddha; and

she transgressed. But, as she burned her face only that she might be able to enter at once upon the Path, and not because afraid of being unable by her own will to resist sin, her fault was a minor fault. On the other hand, the priest who took his own life committed a very great offense. He should have tried to convert those who tempted him. This he was too weak to do. If he felt it impossible to keep from sinning as a priest, then it would have been better for him to return to the world, and there try to follow the law for such as do not belong to the Order."

"According to Buddhism, therefore, he has obtained no merit?" I queried.

"It is not easy to imagine that he has. Only by those ignorant of the Law can his action be commended."

"And by those knowing the Law, what will be thought of the results, the karma of his act?"

My friend mused a little; then he said, thoughtfully:--"The whole truth of that suicide we cannot fully know. Perhaps it was not the first time."

"Do you mean that in some former life also he may have tried to escape from sin by destroying his own body?"

"Yes. Or in many former lives."

"What of his future lives?"

"Only a Buddha could answer that with certain knowledge."

"But what is the teaching?"

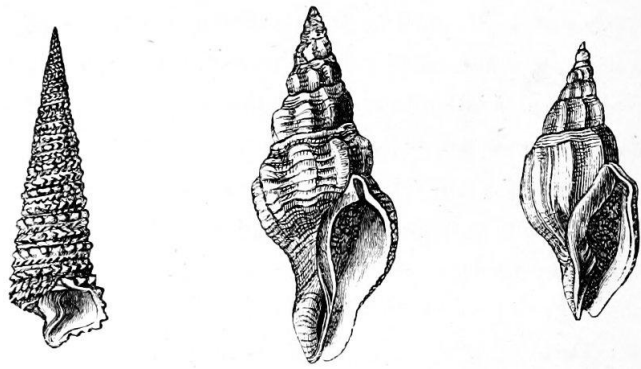
"You forget that it is not possible for us to know what was in the mind of that man."

"Suppose that he sought death only to escape from sinning?"

"Then he will have to face the like temptation again and again, and all the sorrow of it, and all the pain, even for a thousand times a thousand times, until he shall have learned to master himself. There is no escape through death from the supreme necessity of self-conquest."

After parting with my friend, his words continued to haunt me; and they haunt me still. They forced new thoughts about some

theories hazarded in the first part of this paper. I have not yet been able to assure myself that his weird interpretation of the amatory mystery is any less worthy of consideration than our Western interpretations. I have been wondering whether the loves that lead to death might not mean much more than the ghostly hunger of buried passions. Might they not signify also the inevitable penalty of long-forgotten sins?



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